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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Sermon at a Year's End

THE year wanes, and we might wax poetic. We shan't. This issue of *The Saturday Review* is published officially on Christmas Day. It is the end of an old dispensation, with the ending of December, and the beginning of a new with our first January number. Yet, after all, the quality of the dispensation does not particularly change.

Tendencies remain the same, literature undergoes slower than annual changes. That is obvious. The Right and the Left of the literary alignment have not in the past year shifted their ground. The centre stands firm. The old deadlocks remain. The old controversies continue. Well, we should like to say a wise word at the ending of an old year. Perhaps the wisest word we can say is in regard to hypocrisy.

No journal such as this can be anything but a journal of opinion. All it demands of its critical contributors, over and above their ability to express what they think, is to say what they actually think. All it demands of its readers is an open-minded attitude toward honest pronouncements. The one thing it should abjure, and that it endeavors to abjure, is the book review influenced by the glamour of reputation or by the persuasion of coterie. Mistaken as its judgments may sometimes be, it tries to present the reasoned judgments of the specially informed, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

May your conclusions be honest,—by this we mean, may you come to form your own opinion on a basis of the most reasonable argument presented in these columns as well as upon a candid pondering upon the books themselves. Today there is too much hearsay, there is too much second-hand opinion erected into the axiomatic, there is too fearful an approach toward experimental work, too little truthful searching for the canons of one's own taste, too little confidence in those canons when discovered.

To possess the open mind does not mean that one kind of work grows to seem really quite like another or that all varieties of writing possess the same value. Much as we abhor bigotry, pronounced opinion, frankly and firmly reasoned, should not be confused with it. Our word is in all probability far from the last word, and so is yours, but they both have their distinct value if they are honestly given. They throw light from different angles on some book under discussion, provided always they are honestly given, that they represent what one honestly thinks.

It is better to be honestly obtuse, if one desires the light, than to do lip-service to literary creeds one does not comprehend or with which one instinctively disagrees, in order to be "in the know," in order to follow the latest movements. *The Saturday Review* does not promise to lacquer you with literary smartness. It wishes to avoid pointing out to you what the well-dressed mind will read. Where there are adequate and cogent spokesmen for new developments in the literary art it intends to present their arguments. But it will try to abide by the principle of having a work discussed as what it is, avoiding extraneous considerations. Where it is in the stream of a tendency that calls for exposition, such exposition will be supplied, but the first and foremost test of a book will continue to be, how does it honestly strike the intelligent reviewer.

More than ever before in the history of literature the average reader, let alone the critic, is besieged by extraneous considerations regarding literary work of the period. It is difficult to dismiss them and to regard work before one from an unbiased point of view. Our prejudices as certain kinds of human beings are hard enough to cope with as it is. But one who frankly states prejudice and opinion is of far more value than those who deal in catch phrases and hasten after what they regard merely as the latest fashion.

This is not to exalt inflexibility. One who never changes his mind is as slovenly as one who never changes his collar. A mind that remains closed to cogent argument is simply a stupid mind. But be honest, first, in your opinion and you have a firm basis upon which to build greater understanding. Thus we turn and bow to the Old Year and commit ourselves to the New.

There is a Winter

By ROBERT NATHAN

NOW that the cold has stilled the honeybee,
And seeing that the trees must drop their fruits,
It is but just that in my heart the tree
Of love should find no springtime at its roots.
Now that the fall is frosty in the dew,
And all the birds are fled upon the air,
It is but common that in my heart, too,
The branches of this passion should be bare.
Say that in spring the sun will be in heaven;
Say that the birds will lift upon the bough
Their sweet returning honey-throated chorus:—
April is still behind us and before us;
There is a winter in my heart—ah, even
Though the spring come, there is a winter now.

This Week

"Twelve Modern Apostles." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*
"The Nature of the World and Of Man." Reviewed by *Ellsworth Huntington.*
"Free-Lance Writers' Handbook." Reviewed by *Paul Reynolds.*
"Jesus, Man of Genius" and "American Soundings." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*
"Mohammed." Reviewed by *F. W. Williams.*
"Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat." Reviewed by *Archibald Cary Coolidge.*
"Mississippi Steamboatin'." Reviewed by *Meade Minnigerode.*
"With Eastern Eyes." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*
"Cordelia Chantrell." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*
A Prologue. By *Lee Wilson Dodd.*
"A History of Rumania." Reviewed by *Hamilton Fish Armstrong.*
The War Guilt. By *Gabriel Wells.*

Next Week, or Later

A series of twelve drawings by *W. A. Dwiggins,* with accompanying quatrains by *William Rose Benét.*

*Irving the Federalist**

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WASHINGTON IRVING gambled upon *belles lettres* and won. The enormous achievements of his elder contemporaries, Jefferson and Hamilton, are at the very base of American life, political, social, economic, but who reads their works? Even the poems and the novels of the man whom Irving most venerated among all the giants alive in his day, Sir Walter Scott, begin to grow dusty. "Ivanhoe" is a text book, "The Lady of the Lake" an exercise in rhetoric, and neither may survive the interest in their romantic plots. But who ever read "Rip" without pleasure, or missed a word! It is as fresh as the day it was written, and as indisputably a work of genius as it is certainly in thought and subject the "bagatelle" that Irving called it. "The Alhambra" deserves the word "charming" as richly as the essays of Lamb. I can think of few books of prose that in this attribute excel it. If Irving is often *vox et praeterita nihil,* and never more sonorous in the literary orchestra than his own flute, yet in the earthly paradise of Sleepy Hollow, or the martial romance of the Moors, or the humors of Bracebridge Hall, he is a master of lovely rhythm. If his style gilds fustian it can ornament the occasional nuggets of gold, and if it is monotonous, it is the monotony of fair weather. There is more than rhetoric in it.

Style always has its secret, and the secret of Irving's suavity is well hidden in that native environment which through all his years abroad he professed to love, and did love, best. The student of sources has had his say, and it has not been enough. Irving is more than Goldsmith served cold, and far more than German romanticism brought overseas. He owes much to Goldsmith, but he is not cold. He is a romantic, but very definitely not German. The psychoanalytic school of biographers will get more, but little more, from their researches. Already the familiar tale of a heart broken by the death of Matilda Hoffman and a gentle melancholy transfused into his style (which thereby became excellent!) through a lifetime of regret has been proved a romantic dream of critics too much influenced by the sentiment of his nephew and biographer, Pierre Irving.

If any outside influence is to account for Washington Irving's really remarkable success with only a humorous temperament and a sensitive soul to go on, then that influence will be found in American Federalism. For Irving, so far as his instrument permitted, represented the Federalist spirit in American literature, and this relationship is the key to much which is otherwise puzzling in a man at the same time so gentle and so famous. Not that Irving was ever interested in politics. He loathed them consistently through a long life in which he owed more to politics than most men, he was disgusted with his single electioneering experience, found Republicans and Federalists equally agreeable and absurd when he met them socially, and made some of his closest friends in New York among that faction of the Republican party which though aristocratic in feeling yet used the masses for its own advantage against the Federalists, the faction of Judge Van Ness and Aaron Burr; nor can his attacks upon Jefferson and his supporters in Salamagundi and the Knickerbocker History be regarded as political. Jefferson to him was a financial hustler

*This essay is drawn from a chapter in a forthcoming book in which the context of the argument, and supporting footnotes, omitted for lack of space, will be included.

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and bustler who would give authority to greasy mechanics. He was a disturbing factor in the settled, easy world that Irving loved, an anti-romantic like the full-feeding big-bottomed Dutch that Irving made fun of with no more real animus. Jefferson, of course, was a great romantic in ideas and deeds and Irving a minor one in words and moods, but Jefferson's romance was of democracy and science, neither of which seemed romantic to most literary men of the early eighteen hundreds. In neither politics nor in ideas was Irving interested.

And yet, if Federalism as an ideal of living was to find literary expression, it was bound in that age of the romantic movement to have its Irving. For essentially Federalism was an aristocratic ideal struggling to adapt itself to the conditions of a republic and the equalities of a new country. The men who made the Constitution were neither dreamers like Irving nor prophets like Jefferson. They proposed, as has been many times made clear, to achieve a stable government by enlisting the monied interests in its defense. Privilege, in theory at least, had been abolished by the Revolution, but money remained, and not merely the provisions of the Constitution but the assumption of state debts and the redemption of depreciated currency were calculated to make speculators and capitalists friends of the existing order. Against the rising wave of democracy the Federalists set the barrier of class interests, and before it began to give way in 1800 (when Irving was 17) they had organized a government which in its emphasis upon property has remained the same ever since. On the other side was Jefferson, a land holder always short (like all land holders) of ready money, a practical idealist, as doubtful as the Federalists of democracy, but determined that in this new government the man who produced, whether laborer or landowner, should have political power, and be able to protect himself from militarists, speculators, bureaucrats, and all the parasites belonging to the capitalist system of a plutocracy. He was, if you please, an intellectual aristocrat, but more intellectual than aristocratic. The rise of confused democracy and opportunism which swept away both Federalist and Republican in Jackson's days would have appalled him. But he looked backward toward the dangers of monarchy, not forward to the inevitable result of opportunity for the common man which America afforded. He was determined to save the fruits of the Revolution, the Federalists to check the upheaval which accompanied it before the pleasant world they had made should be overwhelmed. Not again, with the exception of the decade of the Civil War, have such strong and diverse political and social emotions been aroused in America.

* * *

Irving was not interested in the political aims of either party. In his letters and occasional writings he calls a plague on both their houses every time an election stirs the muddy minds of the populace. New York did not take politics seriously except as a means of aggrandizement. The modern Tammany Hall was already implicit in the factions of the Republican party, headed by Burr and Clinton, and a young wit and beau, pretending to read law in a worldly little seaport where affiliations were almost as much European as American, could not be expected to sympathize with the moral intensity of a Dwight who believed that God had given America into the government of respectable church members, or that Virginian idealism which proposed to erect a new-fangled state utterly different from anything in the romances of Sir Walter Scott. In the England of Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth—to cite literary names merely—he was to see nothing but the picturesque, and the relics of Moorish Spain were to mean far more to him than Germany in its golden age. The great ideas of the formative period of the United States naturally passed over his head.

When Irving is republican he is a little absurd, as when in 1831, after the European revolutions, he speaks of "these vile systems of falsehood . . . that have been woven on the human mind and . . . held it down in despicable thralldom." All Americans were republican in principle at least after 1800, but an urbane New Yorker could scarcely be expected to think of politics as a means of giving tradesmen and manufacturers their rights. Nor, of course, were the economic ideals of the Federalists of any interest to a man who hated making money and could not keep it. It was not merely old age which led him to end the Life of Washington at the moment when a heroic career of glory became involved in questions of domestic politics and a great career was used by partisans for their not very creditable purposes. Politics, for Irving, were New York politics, which meant a squabble between the ins and the outs.

And yet Irving, in spite of his indifference to party, was more Federalist than the Federalists, more Federalist essentially than the Hartford wits who adumbrated in their vast poems a government by moral didacticism which was New Englandism rather than aristocracy. He was keenly aware of the deeper struggle of which the brawls of politicians and the ideology of statesmen were only symptoms. Like Talleyrand, he felt the old world slipping, and to him, an American, it was fresh and infinitely desirable, not stale and doomed. He felt, with the sensitiveness of a dreamer, the raucousness of a trading, manufacturing, exploiting society. Sprung from trade himself, and hating it, spending his youth in an illusion of a gay gentleman's world of the arts and conversation in a commercial town, he did not rationalize his desires, yet clearly lived and wrote them. "Salmagundi" is, like the "Spectator," and still more curiously like the "columns" of modern New York papers, an onslaught upon manners, an attempt to give detachment, gaiety, civility to a sodden town. The Knickerbocker History in its purely Dutch aspects is a satire upon a thoroughly bourgeois civilization, in its attacks upon the Yankees a satire on the ideals of traders and business men. The life of the gentleman, as the eighteenth century understood that word, is praised and chronicled through a long series of Irving's books, in which tradesmen, demagogues, innovators, upstarts (like the village poet in "The Sketch Book") are the butts of ridicule, and feudal squires, however eccentric, noble adventurers like Columbus, heroes of lost causes, such as Boabdil, are the pets of his imagination. Half of Irving's heart is in "Rip Van Winkle" where the picturesque Rip and his cronies, so full of humor and honest if stupid happiness, are set in contrast to the shabby pretentiousness of the village twenty years later. And the other half is in "Bracebridge Hall" and "The Alhambra," in each a life tinged with the melancholy of departing, yet rich in loyalty, solidity, and human worth instead of human rights.

* * *

The struggle between the new and this old world, however confused in its apparent issues, was uppermost in the American mind of the early eighteen hundreds. The West, removed in space and time, did not it is true count heavily in the contest for it was scarcely America, yet the influence of that vast region so rapidly filling up with the rebel and the discontent who had lost the sense of respect for their betters, was already beginning. More immediate in men's minds were the dangers from the common people who were determined not to stay common. Immorality had increased in the social demoralization which followed the long years of the Revolution. There was that sharp increase in acquisitiveness to be expected in a people diverted for almost a generation from the free pursuit of their private business. There was the example of France in turbulent democracy, and the influence of aristocratic England, always dear to the aristocracy of the new world. Indeed the America of the early eighteen hundreds was alive in all its parts, far more than the standardized and accomplished America of the twentieth century. It puzzled as well as shocked Europe, which admitted the superior level of general intelligence even while condemning its barbarism, an intelligence that manifested itself in ideas sometimes, in reflection never, but usually in acts. Pathetic, from this point of view, is the young Irving's illusion that he and the few like him could create and keep a *milieu* of taste in hustling young New York, but strong the pressure, far stronger than in contemporary Europe, to do something, be something that expressed his loves and hates. Hence the sense of futility that is mentioned again and again in Irving's letters and implied in his prefaces from early manhood on. What could he do? I will not say, what could he do that was needed, for such a question, so familiar in New England, and later in a puritanized West, was not likely to be raised in New York! But what could he do that he wanted? The answer was to write, to write like an aristocrat, like a gentleman, like a Federalist.

For Federalism, as even the sinuous Walcott and the vehement Ames and certainly as Hamilton understood it, was much more than a political and economic system. It was a government by the best, the ideal to which all philosophic statesmen have aspired. It was, more specifically, an aristocracy, not of birth or of privilege, but of achievement, with the door always open but a censor of manners, of morals, of capability at the threshold. The idea was never better expressed than in the provisions made by the New Haven Colony (later the heart of Federalism) for the settlement of the wild lands in the parish of Mt. Carmel. Land and the authority which went with it were to be taken up in quantity only by such as had means and character for its proper development with due reference to the religious nurture, the education, and the prosperity of those who were to inhabit it. To him who hath shall be given, provided that he deserves what he has, was the motto of Federalism. This was an ideal well worth fighting for—we may well regret that we have lost it through the greed and the tyranny of Federalist politicians and capitalists, and the rise of a democratic spirit that was oblivious to such subtleties and would not be denied.

It was to this intangible spirit of Federalism that Irving owed allegiance. It was a spirit deeper than economic theory, deeper than the struggle for power, which outlived the party that professed to represent it so that it is still possible to call a man or a book Federalist in the United States. Irving shared the Federalist respect for the tried, its distrust of the new, its hatred of the vulgar, of "the beast," as Hamilton called the crowd. He was Anglophile as the Federalists were, and for the same reason, but magnified in his case by literary associations. England, even in war time, was "the good old times" for Federalism. His education was almost exclusively in English literature. What reading he did later in the literature of France, Spain, and Germany only served to turn his already active romanticism toward such romantic veneration of the old as would fit him more than ever to play his part as the spokesman of the Federalist culture. Indeed, if George Washington was an English country gentleman, with a difference, Irving was an English man of letters, with a difference, who turned in disgust from the sprawlings for food and water of the gigantic infant, his country, and in protest against the new and crude sought to write as elegantly as he could. Yearning for civilized urbanity in a continent designed to be great in quite another fashion, he perfected a style, and was beaten, discouraged, futile, until he did so.

* * *

Irving as the arch Federalist of American literature is much more interesting than Irving as a custodian of the romantic movement in America. In the latter function he had many colleagues, some, like Hawthorne, Poe, and Emerson, far more powerful, both intellectually and emotionally, than himself. The romantic haze which still hangs over the noble estuary of the Hudson rose from his pen, and the romantic past of that least romantic of American cities in history, New York, is his contriving. He made picturesque Europe, at least for Americans. England was not picturesque to Richard Mather, or to Benjamin Franklin, but Irving imbued it with all that the rest of us have ever since felt of romantic veneration. Yet if this was the romantic feeling of a Scott for his Scotland, transferred to the old home by an American removed in ideas and experience almost as far from Derbyshire or London as Scott from Waverley, yet it was also the nostalgia of the Federalists for the decorum, the stability, the richness of living of the mother country. Consider that stout old rebel, John Adams, and his agonies over the proper ritual for the first Federal government, or the Philadelphia society that was so gay and exclusive at the Binghams when Congress met in Philadelphia, the truckling to English visitors, the imitation in town house and country seat of life in Britain, the intense sensitiveness to British criticism which betrayed a passionate reverence for the old land. The best of all this, and very little of the worst, is in Irving. As a romantic among the then greater romantics of Europe he is humble and usually derivative, but as an American and as a Federalist, he speaks in his own right, and has motive to speak well.

Some of the current estimates of Irving must be altered after such an analysis. He did little to illumine American life and character although so much to enrich the American romantic imagination. He endowed the Hudson valley with a past of legend and fable borrowed from the old world, b

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his Dutch are quite false, except as satire, his Yankees no more true than Yankee Doodle, his New Amsterdam a land of Cocaigne. This good Federalist tried chiefly to make the new world like the old.

He was not a great romantic, if Scott and Byron and Shelley be taken as a models of romanticism. Irving's gentle melancholy is more akin to Collins and his humor to Goldsmith. The eighteenth century in Irving has survived better than the nineteenth, which means that his humor and his sense for the quaint are more valuable than the attempts at pathos, terror, and grandeur which belonged to the Teutonized romance of his own period. Revolt, that great theme of his English contemporaries, never moved him. . Like his fellow Federalists he had enough of rebellion. In pure romance he is never excellent except in that minor category where the light of fancy is made to play over the vanishing scene—there he is superb.

Yet many a more pretentious author of his age has died utterly while Irving, in spite of his modern detractors, lives. Stylists do not die if they are fortunate enough to find a few themes which summon all their powers. The romanticist in Irving powerfully influenced a century of American writers ("The Sketch-Book" was Longfellow's first school of literature) and usually to their hurt. They sucked sentiment from him and left the humor behind. But equally strong, and much more fortunate, has been the ideal set up by his style. Every American writer who has cherished the Federalist hope of an urbanity and excellence in the midst of democratic leveling has acknowledged Irving as his spiritual father, and there are plenty of spiritual Federalists left to enjoy him when he is most Irving and least the graceful narrator of second-hand history.

Futhermore, it is quite wrong to label Irving as the first ambassador of the New World to the Old. That is to look at him through English eyes and is in fact a repetition of his first authentic praising, which came from abroad. He proved that the barbarous American could write, as the captains of 1812 had proved that Americans could fight on the sea, he tickled John Bull's romantic rib, but his true ambassadorship (and his real importance) was all the other way, and his oft repeated arguments for his residence abroad show that he knew what he was about. Irving, as American, was the returning traveler, a Marco Polo full of the romance of other countries, bearing their gifts of suavity, detachment, ease, and beauty to a raw country dependent upon its vulgar strength, stronger in brains than in manners, yet not devoid of a craving for civility. He was in this always a good republican, but a better Federalist.

And because in order to speak for Federalist America he learned to write with a vanishing grace and a suavity not again to be attained on this side of the Atlantic, his future is more secure than that of his successors in the historical vein, Motley and Prescott and Parkman, better historians than he, who transcended the "Washington" and the "Columbus," but could not write an "Alhambra." Cooper, crabbed republican aristocrat, came nearer the ruling passions of his country, but his loosely held romance of the frontier has already suffered from its slovenly diction and uneven texture while "Rip" goes on and on as literature. Hawthorne's didactic obsession gnaws yearly at the sombre beauty of his work, but Irving's lighter craft is well trimmed for the shifting gales of fame. He had a style, he had a temperament, he had an eye for the humors, he was born a New Yorker, he could say, as New Englanders would not say, as Philadelphians and Virginians and Carolinians could not say effectively, "While we create a new society in a new republic, let us not forget the mellowness of the age we have left behind us overseas, let us not forget the graces of life, let us not forget to be gentlemen." And if this was all he said, it was put admirably, in a time of need, and with apposite and succinct example. He made Spain glamorous, England picturesque, and his own land conscious of values not to be found in industry, morals, or politics. A slight achievement beside Wordsworth's, a modest ambition by comparison with Byron's, but enough. Not a great man, not even a great author, though a good chronicler, an excellent story teller, a skilful essayist, an adept in romantic coloring; not in accord with progress in America but the most winning spokesman for the Federalist hope; a musician with few themes, and the minor ones the best, and all played perfectly—that is Washington Irving.

Creeds and Agnosticism

TWELVE MODERN APOSTLES, and Their Creeds. By G. K. CHESTERTON, CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, NATHAN SÖDERBLOM, EDGAR Y. MULLINS, RUFUS MATTHEW JONES, FRANK MASON NORTH, CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS, REED SMOOT, CLIFFORD SMITH, and CARL VAN DOREN. With an Introduction by W. R. Inge. New York: Duffield & Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THERE must be millions of people who are still sufficiently interested in sectarian differences to find spiritual sustenance in this series, republished from *The Forum*, about "Why I Am a Catholic," "Why I Am a Christian Scientist," and so on. And if it is worth doing at all, as apparently it is, it is on the whole done pretty well. It seems a pity that the intricate and resplendent art of Catholic apologetics is represented by the amateur Mr. Chesterton rather than by one of its professional practitioners; it may have been felt that a layman and a convert would be more convincing to the general reader, but this hope is not justified by the event. The various non-Catholic denominations, however, being represented by clergymen, manage to set forth clearly enough

Frontispiece from "Examples of San Bernardino." Chosen by Ada Harrison, illustrated by Robert Austin (London: Gerald Howe)

their distinctive features and peculiar historical claims to consideration.

It appears that practically every one of these twelve gentlemen (eleven, rather, Mr. Van Doren representing the unbelievers) belongs to his particular church because in his opinion it is the contemporary representative of the primitive apostolic Catholic church; and further, that most of them were born into the denominations they still prefer. They are candid enough to admit it, and the two exceptions, Dr. Jefferson and Dr. Crothers, courteously manage to laud the new mistress without denigrating the old.

But these doctrinal and historical sectarian differences seem curiously unimportant after reading Mr. Van Doren's statement of "Why I Am an Unbeliever." It is incomplete; his sketch of the metaphysics of agnosticism might well have been fortified by some remarks on the new materialistic ethics now visibly coming into being, which affords a very cogent answer to some of the most frequently repeated arguments of the supernaturalists. But even on purely metaphysical grounds one cannot help feeling that if there is anything in this—and there is in it at least the grounded belief of many intelligent people—there is nothing at all in the rest of the book.

Which is, of course, not to say that there is nothing in religion, but merely that the sectarian distinctions with which most of the authors deal are seventy years out of date. Why Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin is a Presbyterian, and Dr. Edgar Y. Mullins a Baptist is of less importance than why Dr. Coffin is a Modernist, and Dr. Mullins a Fundamentalist. This is evidence enough to Dr. Coffin, at least, who says frankly that "in attempting to meet the religious needs of our time it is quite impossible to think in denominational terms." This is sufficient criticism of a book which was planned wholly in denominational terms; if it meets the religious needs of many people, it is because intellectually they are not in our time at all. The authors, of course, wrote what they were asked to write; but it is a pity that Dr. Coffin was not allowed to set forth the views which are increasingly the only defense of intelligent Christians against such arguments as Mr. Van Doren's.

Where the Modernists are weakest, of course, is in metaphysics; Catholics, Fundamentalists, and atheists all have a firm foundation under their feet, where the Modernist has only a quaking bog. Surely it is not the least impressive of the triumphs of faith that the quaking bog seems firm enough support for a religious group of very high intellectual quality. Some little of their faith is adumbrated in the introduction by Dean Inge, who believes not only that there is a living spirit in Christianity but that it squares with at least certain sporadic elaborations of Christian doctrine. There is some point in his view that there must be something in a religion which has survived two thousand years of exemplification by assorted Christians.

Modern Science

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN. By Sixteen Members of the University of Chicago Faculty. (H. H. Newman and others). Chicago: Chicago University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "The Pulse of Progress"

THE method of a book may be as significant as its contents. Many people are searching for the best methods of organizing the vast mass of knowledge acquired in recent generations. One method of doing this is encyclopedic, but the encyclopedia lacks unity and is, after all, rather dull reading. Another method takes the form of compilation by a single person who may or may not be a specialist in some one line. Such a book possesses unity, but no one man can be a specialist in every line of modern knowledge. "Sixteen Members of the University of Chicago Faculty" have tried to write a book which is encyclopedic and yet possesses unity. The result is a volume called "The Nature of the World and of Man." Their method of getting unity has been to assign to each man the general subject with which he is most familiar. Then during a period of four months the authors spent one evening each week in conference on the completed manuscripts. Each author read his manuscript before his associates for their suggestions and criticisms, which are said to have been numerous and valuable. Each chapter was likewise critically examined by at least one person beside its author and the editor.

The result of this method is an admirable book. Its literary style does indeed vary almost disconcertingly from chapter to chapter. Some chapters are intensely interesting, and very well written; others are hard sledding, not because of the complex ideas, but because the authors have used a dry kind of text-book style. The thought of the book, on the other hand, displays a real and pleasing unity. It sweeps on from one great truth to another in a way that gives one a profound respect for the recent progress of science. In title, in scope, and in general method the book closely resembles "The Evolution of the Earth and Its Inhabitants," written some years ago by members of the Yale faculty. The present book, however, is more comprehensive than its predecessor and possesses greater unity.

It begins with the great and thrilling concepts of astronomy as set forth by Professor Moulton. Then it takes up the origin and early stages of the earth as described by Professor Rollin T. Chamberlin. In all the earlier chapters, and in several later ones, it is interesting to note the pervasive and far-reaching influences of Professor Chamberlin's father, Thomas C. Chamberlin, whose planetessimal interpretation of the earth is one of the greatest products of American geology. From the earth as the product of geological forces, the book passes to the nature of energy, atoms, chemical processes, and life. Then to the different types of living beings, includ-

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ing man, to the processes of organic evolution, and finally, to man as a living, active, thinking being.

In most places the authors confine themselves to ideas that are generally accepted, or else make it clear that they are discussing unproved theories. One of the few controversial parts of the book occurs in a section where the author branches so far into the unknown that both he and we are beyond our depth. In trying to define what life is, Professor Newman enthusiastically announces his adherence to the mechanistic as opposed to the vitalistic interpretation. He may be right in supposing that life is nothing more than the manifestation of physical and chemical energy. But is he right in giving college students the idea that this is practically a closed question? It would be hard to find any question less closed, simply because nobody knows anything about it.

College students come into the problem because the book was primarily designed for such students. It represents the material given in one of the so-called orientation courses which are growing in popularity. Selected students during their first year are supposed to take a taste of everything, and then decide what they want for dinner. How far such *hors d'oeuvres* really improve the students' appetites we are not sure, but we feel certain that the process of preparing them has given us an extremely valuable book. Anyone who wants a bird's-eye view of modern science will do well to buy this book, read it carefully, and put it on his shelf for reference.

Writing and Its Market

THE FREE-LANCE WRITERS' HANDBOOK Edited by William Dorsay Kennedy. Cambridge, Mass: Writers' Publishing Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by PAUL R. REYNOLDS

WITH the great increase in advertising, the business of publishing—magazines, newspapers, books—has become one of enormous extent, and as a result more and more people are turning to writing as a means of livelihood. This book is a successful attempt to aid such people by showing them how to write saleable matter on the one hand and how to place such matter successfully when written. All forms of writing are dealt with, children's verses, verses for Christmas cards, corporation publicity, writing for the radio, as well as the more common kinds. It devotes one hundred and fifty pages to giving a list of the magazines, the publishers, and the syndicates where the writer can sell his wares. Most of the writers seem to be experts on their subjects and their advice seems to be sound and to the point. For instance, in a discussion of writing for motion pictures, it is pointed out that a story that has appeared in magazine or book form is much more apt to be placed successfully on the screen than a scenario of a story which has not had previous publication. A motion picture man can tell much better whether any story has picture possibilities if he reads it written out than he can if it is given to him in condensed form, but equally, and even more important, is the fact that the story has obtained the publicity that the previous publication would give it.

In a great many cases the ordinary prices that can be obtained for the different kinds of work are given, so that a new writer starting to make his or her way can have no illusions as to the amount he probably will receive for his efforts.

Of course such a book deals to a large extent with literature (if it can be so termed) as a matter of business rather than as an art, and for that reason it is refreshing to come upon an interesting article by Mrs. Gerould about the American short story in which there is nothing about prices or the most available place for a certain type of story. Mrs. Gerould thinks that Wilbur Daniel Steele, John Russell, and Ben Ames Williams are the leading American short story writers and she adds that Mr. H. G. Dwight would fall into this group if he wrote more steadily.

The article that stands out most distinctly in the mind of at least one reader—perhaps because it comes in the welter of business articles—is one on "Teaching Creative Writing," by Burgess Johnson. Mr. Johnson discusses the question of inspiration and tells how he was traveling in the train with Vachel Lindsay and how when he asked Lindsay if he believed in inspiration, Lindsay replied that he did, and then told how he had been living in a town with a lot of colored people, how he had been sorry for the tragedy of their situation, and how when he was traveling in a Pullman there suddenly came rushing into his head:

> Then I saw the Congo creeping through the black,
> Winding through the forest with a golden track

and how from those two lines he wrote out the whole poem which so many people know.

Dr. Canby writes a suggestive article on book reviewing in which he stresses the responsibility of the reviewer to the reader as well as to the author. One should, he explains, describe the contents of the book and then estimate its merits and its lacks.

There are numerous articles in the book, of course, about writing and about how to become a successful writer in the many forms that are open to the author today—that you will learn to write by writing is repeated often and of course it is excellent advice, but the spirit of Johnson's advice, that the literary aspirant should give his days and nights to Addison, is totally lacking. The more famous advice of Stevenson that he played the sedulous ape to a whole series of famous writers is never mentioned. It is no answer to say that Stevenson was a genius, for Stevenson himself states that however original you may be, you need and can't do without such training. In fact Stevenson's genius shows just as strongly in the strenuous way that he taught himself to write as it does in the finished product, and from the purely business point of view we fancy that Stevenson's royalties in the Year of Grace 1926 would make a very pretty sum.

There is no mention, or almost none, of the great writers who have built up English literature in the past. If the present is, as we are so often told, the child of the past, then the child so far as this book is concerned ignores and is possibly ashamed of its parentage.

In a recent article in the *Quarterly Review* the author shows how many famous English writers went either to Cambridge or Oxford and how strongly such Universities influenced their work, not through a training in English composition but because at the most impressionable time of their lives they breathed in an atmosphere "rich with the spoils of time" that they never forgot. The whole effect of this book, not openly but indirectly, is to minimize the good of any such training.

Despite these criticisms I think this book will be of real value to any young literary worker who intends to earn his livelihood or even supplement his living by some form of writing.

Some English Opinions

JESUS, MAN OF GENIUS. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.50.

AMERICAN SOUNDINGS. By ST. LOE STRACHEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

AMERICANS are not now as sensitive to criticism as their forefathers. One hopes the indifference will increase. A community that has not yet acquired a settled identity, and settled into it, is nervous on the subject. The English calm under reproach has been often admired. A similar thickness of skin is hopefully with us in prospect.

But Mr. Strachey's pleasant comments could hardly at any period have given offense. He calls them "Soundings," which seems to imply an intention to send the implacable plummet down into the unsunned depths of the social sea. Indeed Mr. Strachey has throughout the manner of one desiring to say as gently as possible things that are nevertheless his grave duty to say. One would like to be able to say with an equal courtesy—if that were possible—and with a similar faith in the gravity and importance of the matter,—which I am afraid is not possible—that "American Soundings" contains nothing but the most harmless commonplace and in no way endangers international good feeling.

English writers already known in America are urged (naturally by publishers and unwisely by friends) to make a book out of their impressions and their inferences. The evil or good that such books may do is nearly always negligible—except to the author. The temptation is that they are easy to do and probably profitable. The trouble is that the book is read by Americans (who will buy anything and as cheerfully read an English book as an American.) Europeans who write on Arabia or China write for home consumption only. An Englishman might write a book on the French language well worth reading by anyone, except a Frenchman. Even such books as Wallace's "Russia," or Bodley's "France," though the outcome of years of residence and study, probably seem to Russians and Frenchmen, in places, curiously "not there." Even Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," though too carefully revised to contain any noticeable mistakes, is after all as superficial as it is useful. The reason is that our knowledge of our own country or language is largely instinctive and even subconscious. Most of what we know we do not know how we know. It is all full of shadings and intangible modifications. In regard to other countries or other languages, however "well informed" one may be, nearly all this vast background is lacking. For an Englishman then to address Americans about America, or Frenchmen about the French language, is not giving himself a fair chance. The cards are stacked against him, and probably he never knows how much he loses. Personally—with exception perhaps of De Tocqueville—after I have read a book about America by a European for whose mental calibre I have had a high respect, I always have to go back to his other books in order to recover that respect.

* * *

There are recent books on the life of Christ, by Papini and by George Moore, both objectionable to various people for various reasons and in various ways, but neither of them uninteresting. Neither book has, I suppose, any religious or historical significance whatever. Mr. Papini probably thought his book had religious significance, and Mr. Moore probably did not. But both men have a certain weight of personality, or of workmanship, which Mr. Murry does not have.

In answer to the question why Renan's "Life of Christ" seems a failure and tainted with sentimentalism, in contrast to the fascination of such a book as his "Anti-Christ," it must be remembered that (whatever our convictions or lack of them) we are the products of a civilization of which the New Testament story is, in some sense and degree, the nucleus. We have a vast background of subconscious feeling toward it, intangible and shadowy associations. None can retell that story for us without losing the vital relations it has, any more than he can translate Shakespeare into Italian or Dante into English. It is putting up lath and plaster along side of ancient masonry.

Every man's religious convictions, if he has any, are important to him. But Mr. Murry's experience seems to have followed lines not at all usual in these days, and one feels that he could have given an account of them in some better way than by attempting to rewrite the life of Christ.

And much as an Englishman who writes a book on America for Americans, or on the French language for Frenchmen, the result of his measuring himself against such a task is only to diminish his own apparent stature. And that is unfair to himself.

Mr. Strachey and Mr. Murry are both well known and respected as editors and critics, both fluent and practiced writers, both beyond question men of intelligence and ability. Both seem impressed with the importance of what they are saying. And somehow it does not seem to me in either case of any importance at all.

Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the "mystery man" of the British Army, as he has often been called, and probably one of the greatest authorities on Arabia, has just finished correcting the proofs of his privately printed "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," according to *John O'London's Weekly*. Copies of the book have been subscribed by the author's friends at thirty guineas apiece. It is said to be one of the most remarkable books about the East ever written, adds *John O'London's*, thrilling and exciting, as well as deeply psychological. The general public will have a chance of reading it next year, when it is to be brought out in a cheaper edition.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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A Portrait of Mohammed

MOHAMMED. By R. F. DIBBLE. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by F. W. WILLIAMS
Yale University

NO great religious leader in the world's history is more intimately revealed in accounts accepted by his followers than Mohammed. Are they proper biographical material? The main events in his career are established definitely enough to make any two encyclopedia articles on him alike as two peas. The "Sirah" and "Hadith" (biography and traditions), some 600,000 anecdotes and exegetical memoranda, were assembled in the three centuries following his death and, after being subjected to a preposterous criticsm which reduced the total to 7,275, are now available to the orthodox in standard collections. There is no earlier material in writing; few of the Prophet's contemporaries could write. This is the matter upon which every biographer must base his story of Mohammed, from which must be drawn an estimate of the man. It leaves free rein to the hunter of this kind of game: it is the source of the Prophet's dictum that "he left no calamity more hurtful to man than woman," and of the anecdote that he forgave the sin of an adulteress because she drew water in her shoe from a deep well to save a thirsty dog. Either or both of these may be sheer fiction; they are equally typical of the man who, 200,000 pious Muslims today think, often talked with God.

Out of stuff like this—plastic as wet clay in the hands of the potter—one may mould any kind of an image. Mr. Dibble offers no preface in his book, but his purpose seems to imply a wish to explain Mohammed to a generation trained in the Mencken colloquial. Thus primitive anthropomorphism is made real to common people when he tells them that "Sharp-eared Allah aloof in his own particular Heaven heard the prayer," or interprets Mohammed's cogitations in this audacious language:—"The messengers who had served Jehovah had certainly prospered well; but Jehovah Himself appeared to be on the decline. Why, therefore, not give Allah, perhaps the leading icon in Arabia, an opportunity." (The Greek term icon means a representation or image, not a name of deity itself.) Gabriel he sees as a useful messenger borrowed from the field of Christian employment for Allah, "who was able to remain at ease in Heaven, thus keeping up the appearance of intangible, majestic remoteness so necessary for dignified Gods." As to the Prophet himself—"a low-born fakir-Prophet might be a person of despicable origin who mouthed a prodigious amount of insane drivel, but he had certainly succeeded in kicking up a highly exasperating rumpus."

* * *

Set before us in this way the portrait of Mohammed however piquant as raillery, is incongruous and unconvincing. The author has the right that everyone has to take what he likes out of the "Hadith" and toss up a charlatan or a genius. He fails, nevertheless, to disclose proper appreciation of the background, of Arab character, of nomadism and its secular indifference to system and refinement, and without some sense of the importance of all these his portrayal lacks what he has tried hard to give, dramatic reality. His protagonist remains a freak with twentieth-century mentality. That he was anything but that is evident in the novelty and transcendent influence of ideas instinctively adjusted to the needs of his people, and their success subsequently with other peoples who remained on their intellectual level. And he was even closer to his time than to his race which gradually grew away from his conceptions. Our own conventional insincerities hardly differ more from those of the dark ages than do the interpretations of modern Muslims from the actual current of Mohammed's thoughts. He always declared himself to be an ordinary man, the only miracle about him being his selection by Allah as the instrument of His revelation. The adventure of his life and the œcumenical nature of his mission were boldly exalted to the supernatural after his death. The same happened in the case of Buddha and Zoroaster; it is a familiar sequence, but we do not find Mohammed himself vibrating "with insatiable desire to make Islam dominant over the world." A simpler interpretation of his "call" is found in the psychosis of the man. He had dreams, he believed them to be revelations from God, he was unaware of subconscious recollections of things told him of Jewish and Christian scriptures. A similar phenomenon occurs today among believers in the ouija board. Late in his career he is accused of playing the actor when he applied recurring revelations to regulate his little state formed at Medina, but the natural explanation of his change from religious emotion to militancy is found in the extraordinary success of his new policy with the Arabs. They now had what they wanted, a religion the truth of which was proved by material success. In the subsequent development of Islam into a universal creed Mohammed had no share. He remained to the end vague and without prevision. Whatever we may guess as to this fervid temperament it cannot reasonably be explained as one of conscious guile and imposition.

As to the Koran, the revelation of Allah, it has the unction of an oracle and the enigmatical character of a divine message, which assumes knowledge of many circumstances that its hearers alone could know. Mr. Dibble, who has no idea of them, wisely lets it alone, confining his study to Mohammed as a man. But if the "Hadith" are mainly covenanted opinions prevailing in the turbulent centuries after his death and unreliable as data, the *man* must be sought in the scriptures which were, after all, the "words of his lips and the meditations of his heart," whatever we may think of the genuineness of his inspiration. To discover him in his creed is an affair of the scholar and metaphysician; the author makes no claim to be either, yet in offering to an unknowing generation a study of the most enigmatic character in human history without other equipment than an inquiring mind and a sprightly style one cannot help asking if the effort was worth while. However, as Mrs. Browning gently says, "We get no good by being ungenerous, even to a book." This informal biography is lively enough to quicken some readers, perhaps, to inquire who Mohammed really was.

A Self-Appointed Diplomat

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT. By WILL ROGERS. New York: Albert & Charles Boni . 1926.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE
Harvard University

THIS book may be taken as seriously as it was written, neither more nor less. It certainly is amusing, especially if one does not read too much at one time. There is a good deal of shrewd philosophy in its main principles not unlike that of Mr. Dooley, though it hardly goes as deep. There are plenty of commonplace observations and some pretty keen ones; in general the foolery is good, so is the temper, so is the common sense. Imagination and more than superficial comprehension are not requisite, indeed they might be out of place. The two things which seem to have impressed the author most were the fine way the English met the general strike, and the unique efficiency of Mussolini.

Well, I found every Nation over there, whether they admitted it or not, was trying to dig up another Mussolini. Now between you and I, there are no more Mussolini's any more than there is more Calvin Coolidges. I am not handing you this just because I am over here on a mission for you, but it's the dead facts.

Well, I asked everybody, as they are all trying to dig up other Mussolini's, "Who has come the nearest to it?" Well, they all agreed that Spain had been fortunate enough to come nearer to finding the right man than any of them—a man named Primo de Rivera. France had been trying and they couldent tell whether they had one or not. They dident let one stay in long enough to find out if he could even spell Mussolini, much less act like him. England, when I first got to Europe, looked like they had a great fellow in this Baldwin. I went away and was gone 5 weeks and when I got back he stood about like an impeached Governor.

Some of the general impressions near the end of the trip may be gathered from the letter of August 26 which treats of the subject of American unpopularity. Here are a few extracts:

Well, I have been gathering up a lot of facts and I am just about in shape to report. I have the biggest news for you that I have had since I have been your little Shack in Europe. You know, of course, or perhaps you have had it hinted to you, that we stand in Europe about like a Horse Thief. Now I want to report to you that that is not so. It is what you call at Amherst "erroneous." We don't stand like a Horse Thief abroad. Whoever told you we did is flattering us. We don't stand as good as a Horse Thief.

Everybody talks about how we are hated—it is to conversation in Europe what Prohibition is at home.

We have become so unpopular that we are as bad off as every other Nation. If you can find me one Nation in Europe that has a real down-to-earth, sincere regard for any other Nation, I will jump out of the top of the Washington Monument.

France and England think just as much of each other as two rival bands of Chicago bootleggers.

Waterloo will be remembered longer than any debt.

A Frenchman and an Italian love each other just about like Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Russia hates everybody so bad it would take her a week to pick out the one she hates most. Poland is rarin' to fight somebody so bad that they just get up and punch themselves in the jaw. They can't make up their minds whether to jump on Russia, Germany, or go up and annex Lithuania. Turkey has been laying off three months now without any war, and Peace is just killing them.

Mussolini is raising five hundred thousand children every year, and needs somewhere to stake 'em out.

These Disarmament Conferences never get anywhere. I went down to Geneva to see the so-called Preliminary Disarmament Conference, and I stayed till they were throwing inkstands at each other. We do more hollering about it than anybody, but you just put ourselves in some of these European Nations' places, surrounded by maybe three or four Nations that are as strong or maybe stronger than we are, and you would see how much we would be yapping about disarmament.

We, unfortunately, don't make a good impression collectively. You see a bunch of Americans at anything abroad and they generally make more noise and have more to say than anybody, and generally create a worse impression than if they had stayed at home. They are throwing rocks at us, but sometimes you think it is deserved. There should be a law prohibiting over three Americans going anywhere abroad together.

As for politics in the United States, we read in the special cable of September 20:

Calcool, Whitewashhouse:

Paris, Sept. 20—I've been reading about the primary elections over home. Looks like everybody that remains honest is getting beat. Yours,

Willrog.

Scenario

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATIN! By HERBERT AND EDWARD QUICK. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE
Author of "The Fabulous Forties"

AN account of Mississippi transportation from colonial times down to the coming of the superseding railroads, and, more especially, of steamboating on the Great River and its tributaries, this book is a welcome addition to the lore of American expansion and commerce. The magnitude of the American scene of itself contributes a quite special atmosphere of romance to every movement, by land or by water, which has occurred in the history of the country, and to every enterprise which these movements have brought into being, and some of this romance inevitably finds its way into the book.

The changing river with its charms and perils, its high and low waters, its snags and shoals; the Natchez, and New Orleans, and other river town waterfronts, levees, wharves, and landing stages; the various early types of floating craft, carrying the products of a continent to the sea; the coming of the steamboats and their growth into the snorting, bedizened, racing palaces of the Fifties and Sixties; wrecks, explosions, and conflagrations provocative of wonder at the bland inadequacy of life-saving arrangements in waters which were never secure, and of respectful admiration for a population which continued to entrust its persons to those gaudy tinder boxes, those cinder spouting fire traps; races and spurts from town to town and from landing to landing, with the stewardess's irons hung on the safety valve, and short cuts across the flooded fields, and the record holder's antlers on the pilot house, and the *Jacob Strader* with her "Low Pressure" sign for the timid; captains, pilots, gamblers, bartenders, Indians, and river bandits; fighting roustabouts and their songs; sweating stokers with their kegs of whiskey—these matters are all recorded, set forth, and embellished with splendid illustration from contemporary prints.

And yet the book is rather a work of reference than a definitive history of the river during those years. In spite of some undistinguished writing one reads every word with intense interest, and at the end one wonders why the pictures evoked are so dim. An accident or a race aside, one has not really seen the steamboats, one has not heard the hurly burly of their approach to the landing stage, the busy waterfronts are not in one's mind, the river is not felt. One has only read the words of the songs, not listened to the singing of them.

One is reminded of a pageant, behind the scenes. The scenery is there, the cast, the crowds, the props, the costumes, all the paraphernalia, accurate in detail as a result of most painstaking research, colorful, noisy, tremendously active, enticing to the eye,

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appealing to the imagination, promissory of grandiose spectacles—but the show has not begun, the illusion of reality has not yet descended upon these assembled groups, somewhere a signal is still to be given.

So, one seems to feel, with this book. The material is there in profusion—a treasury of information for which one cannot be too grateful—but a signal has not been given. Here is the scenario but not the show. The pageant of the Mississippi and of its steamboating is still to be produced, and when the time comes this present book will be the first work of reference to be consulted.

East and West

WITH EASTERN EYES. By ERNEST POOLE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN his latest novel Mr. Poole abandons the mysticism of "The Avalanche" and "The Little Dark Man" for the less illusory type of theme that characterized his earlier and more successful stories. And though his fabric here is lighter than in such tales as "The Harbor" and "His Family," it is firmer and more closely woven. Indeed "*With Eastern Eyes*" is artistically as arresting as anything Mr. Poole has written. Its scale is small, but every note is accurately attuned.

To develop the eternal theme of marital infidelity without a nervous rubato or a crashing crescendo is in itself a distinction. Cool and poised, sincere and restrained, the mood of this novel reflects the temperament of its protagonists. Bertram and Josephine Dana are the kind of husband and wife who, no matter what the circumstances, would be incapable of making "scenes." In their comfortable home in the lower mountains of New Hampshire they live quietly but not without spiritual and intellectual experiences of more than passing importance. Bertram spends most of his time in his private astronomical observatory, devoting himself unreservedly to scientific research. His wife not only directs with easy grace their somewhat complicated household, but in the midst of her four children, her friends, and her numerous outside activities carves out for herself a rich and varied existence of her own.

A serious emotional crisis in the harmonious, well-ordered lives of such charming and cultivated people seems almost incredible. Yet it comes, and Mr. Poole has had the happy idea of letting us watch it through the eyes of a visiting Russian astronomer as well as feel it through the delicate sensibilities of Josephine herself. Eastern and western molds of thought are thus brought into striking contrast. The withdrawals and concealments and silences of this New England family irk Pavel Boganoff. For him clarification can only come through the precipitating medium of talk, searching, analytical, soul-revealing talk. To the Danas, however, the introspective probings and their public expression which the Russian finds so essential are as foreign as they are distasteful. Pavel's well-intentioned attempts to "talk" and help them are gently and coldly rebuffed. But eventually, although Josephine settles her problem in her own way—without melodramatic fuss—she is obliged to admit to herself that the long conversation which Boganoff forced upon her has kept her from ruining the lives of all those most dear to her.

The few characters in this quiet tale are admirably realized. Without stressing non-essentials the author brings us into intimate contact with every one of them. Nor is the theme in any way forced. The Russian and his point of view remain in the background for the most part and serve merely to accentuate the reserve and reticence of the Danas. And over the whole situation is a sense of the vastness of the heavens and the smallness of human problems.

In a way, perhaps, the tale is too plausible, too concerned with persons whose feelings do not well up in action. Despite the bigness of its matrix, it comes forth a rather small thing. Somehow it lacks the vitality and warmth and dramatic quality that should have given it depth and strength and beauty. Yet the novel is well worth reading. Josephine Dana, her son Jaspar, and Winifred Hubbard continue to exist long after the book is closed; Josephine's problem is bravely met and sanely solved; above all, the setting and the implications of the underlying theme are, potentially at least, significant.

Old Charleston

CORDELIA CHANTRELL. By MEADE MINNIGERODE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

R. MINNIGERODE, best known for his efforts to make history read like fiction, here makes fiction read like history. His story is of Charleston and the old Charleston gentry, and it purports to have been gleaned from authentic diaries and family papers. Moreover, it is interwoven with the facts of actual history; the social history of Charleston when her fashion was led by the Middletons, Izards, and Legares, the political history of the city when Petigru was leader of the bar and Huger, Poinsett, and Langdon Cheves were important figures in Washington. The background is not overemphasized, but it is adroitly and adequately sketched. Out of the old diaries and papers, slowly and by uneven flashes, but always dramatically and glamorously, Mr. Minnigerode detaches a highly romantic tale in the grand manner—a tale of a Charleston belle's troubled and frustrate love for a Northern man.

The grand manner may at first irritate the reader, but it is not out of place. Charleston society before the Civil War was elaborately artificial; its aristocratic code of manners was built upon a hundred inflated conventions and absurd gallantries. To accept Mr. Minnigerode's people as real, we must think of them as part of this pretentious, romantic world, and must have a sympathetic comprehension of their point of view. It is one of the chief merits of the book that its skilfully maintained tone enables us to do just this. The sole preoccupations of this old Charleston were love, politics, and war; the people might be defiant or impetuous or cruel or composed or generous, but they must always act as in a calcium glare; they must always do things by a "magnificent" or a "superb" gesture. That, at least, is the assumption we are taught to make from the first page. Cordelia, the heroine, is in especial always "magnificent," and she has plenty of opportunity to act a grandly tragic part.

* * *

The tragedy lies in the untoward fate which always interposes between herself and the young man of Yankee blood, Preston Baimbridge, whom she loves. First Preston is manœuvred by some designing elders into an engagement with another girl. It is only by heroic exertions that Cordelia manages to block this union at the very altar, and thus keep Preston free for a possible marriage with herself; the scene at the altar offering Mr. Minnigerode an opportunity for some of his most "superb" gesturing. The uproar over the affair compels Preston to go north, and for several years Cordelia sees nothing of him. Then he returns, and confesses that he loves her. Unfortunately, it is too late now for the marriage to take place, for the Civil War is upon them. He is a loyal Union man, and she is Southern to the core. They separate, and to find an outlet for her energy and emotions, Cordelia plunges into the war, becoming a spy. That is, she became, in Mr. Minnigerode's words, "the greatest of all the Confederate spies, for she was that anonymous and almost legendary lady known throughout the archives of the secret service as 'The Messenger.'"

Thus the stage is set for the great scene, conceived in somewhat the manner of the Thackeray of "Henry Esmond," which closes the book. In the capacity of spy, Cordelia goes down to Nassau in the Bahamas, centre of Confederate blockade-running activities. There she meets a Northern secret agent, who has an assumed name, but who is no one else than Preston Baimbridge. They are lovers but enemies. It is her duty to have him seized and put aboard one of the blockade runners, or failing that, to have him assassinated, for he is interfering with the passage of vital Confederate supplies. It is his duty to take all precautions and continue with his work. Mr. Minnigerode makes the most of his opportunity in the romantic and tragic interviews between them; interviews a little grandiose, like everything in the novel, but quite legitimately so. We need only say that the conduct of these two highly-strung people reveals a certain mastery of psychology, and that the final catastrophe makes an absorbing and fitting conclusion for the book.

Some readers will say that the book is stiltedly artificial, that its posturing is tiresome, that it bears no relation whatever to real life in Charleston or anywhere else. But it does not pretend to be reality; it is romance. Within its limits, and according to the conception of the author, it is an harmonious, dramatic, and successful romance.

A Prologue

For the opening of the Yale University Theatre, December 9th, 1926

Ladies and gentlemen—
I've been requested
To say a few words. . . . If you are interested
In plays (and if you are not, why are you here?)
Lend me your rapt attention—while I clear
Post-prandial cobwebs from the atmosphere. . . .

But, first, the thanks of Yale—whose President
Speaks now through me, his casual instrument
(I made the verses—*he* supplied the sense,
Which is the better half of eloquence!):
The thanks of Yale, proud Mother, to a son
Whose thoughtful benefactions have outrun
Even a mother's power to praise! He gave
This Theatre. . . the act was wise—and brave:
Not all who foster knowledge know the part
Played in the drama, Man, by Ariel—Art
The donor of a Temple all acclaim.
Here is a guardian Temple for the flame
Called Poetry, without which life would be—
Well . . . what life is when it lacks poetry:
A mere blind chance to "shiver and perspire"
Till Ariel's music whispers! . . . But I tire
Your eagerness (and well I know its cause)
Who would give Edward Harkness—your applause.

The guardian of this guardian Temple . . . but no!
I am forbidden even his name, although,
Just between you and me, it rhymes with Maker.
At any rate, this Influence G——P——B——,
Unnamed, unseen, is with us, to ensure
That what was bravely founded will endure:
Not as an academic appanage,
But as the White Hope of to-morrow's stage.
We need a White Hope for the Great White Way!
Perhaps tonight we'll find it, in our play—!

The play's the thing, then! . . . Dumas, in his fashion
Defined it well—"some planking—and a passion!"
A *mot* as baffling as the Greek digamma
Unless you've pondered deeply on the Drama!
Why is the play the thing? What *is* a play
That we should laugh or weep for it! . . . One way,
One only, can I bring this home to you
As simply and clearly as I hope to do—
By introducing to you certain factors
Required in all good plays. . . . I don't mean actors
Or Managers or scenery or lights;
Such things are merely obvious parasites
Upon that spiritual essence—a good play.

Observe my factors, then! . . . Exhibit "A" . . .

GENIUS, and his six children: Irony—
Imagination—Insight—Sympathy—
Truth—and that rascal, Humor. . . . Six, no less,
Who all assist him in his business!
For lacking Irony his works could please
Only the thoughtless who love sophistries;
Or lacking Insight, how could Genius seize
The lurking motive, the subtle shy *nuance?*
Yet, without Sympathy, he'd have small chance
On any stage . . . 'tis she who hides a tear
Within each smile. Invaluable! I fear
A play without a secret tear or two
Were but a desert garden where no dew
Falls, a parched make-believe.—But swift creation
Springs from the eldest son—Imagination:
Who—while his envious brethren vainly try
To follow him—can pierce the earth or fly
Over the moon, brush glamour from the stars—
Or recognize romance in trolley-cars!
He makes the far thing near—the near a link
With the unguess'd—builds bridges in a wink
From seen to unseen that outlast the years!
Briefly—he is the Whole Show, it appears!
But no. For now comes Truth, an old young man
Carrying a slide-rule and a measured plan
Correct to millionths of an atomy.
Truth's tone is truculent: "Fools, lacking *me*
The works of Genius were a travesty!"

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At which the last son, Humor, winks . . . his way
Of intimating—"Wait! I'll save the play!"

So much for Genius and his brood! . . . And now
That we're instructed, with a parting bow,
I beg you to observe—*yourselves*, and see
Art's final requisites . . . Exhibit "B."
Namely (and such are rare) an Audience
Of charm—of culture—of intelligence.

The Curtain trembles! Up my spine I feel
A lurking Author's agonized appeal!
He fears I'll lecture all his lure away.
He's wrong, though . . .

I commend to you—a *Play*.

LEE WILSON DODD.

Rome's Balkan Stepchild

A HISTORY OF RUMANIA. By N. IORGA. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG
Author of "The New Balkans"

PROFESSOR IORGA, one of the small group of Balkan savants who by their real scholarship have acquired a European reputation, has done a service to his country by providing it with a well-written, adequate history, and seeing that it was successfully translated into good English. His book ought to have a welcome outside the narrow circle of those closely interested in Balkan politics. Rumania has been the battleground between East and West from the days of Darius to those of William of Hohenzollern. Its complicated story has a bearing on many European problems, modern as well as ancient.

The story is of the romance-speaking people of the Carpatho-Danubian area who evolved a national characteristic out of the most diverse and uncertain elements, and maintained it against successive barbarian waves beating in from the Asiatic steppes, and, more lately, against the Magyar on the west, the Slav from almost every direction, and the Turk from the south. Their outposts have retreated from the pastoral valleys and uplands of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Dalmatia, or have been absorbed in the mass of the populations of those Greek or Slav lands. But at home they managed to retain, stolidly and undemonstratively, the Ruman characteristics which were imprinted on Dacia by the Roman legionaries, and the farming Romans who, Professor Iorga believes, also followed in the wake of Trajan's banners.

The author describes, in detail and with interesting personal allusion, but without being pedantic, the history of the Rumanian people through the Middle Ages, the Turkish tyranny, the decadence under the eighteenth century *boyars*, the stirring of nationalism from Transylvania eastward to Bessarabia in the nineteenth century, the birth of the nation after the union.

The reason for the hesitation of Rumania between the two rival camps in 914, and the course of Rumanian history during and since the war, are summarized, rather unsatisfactorily, in half a dozen pages. There is also a chapter on Rumanian characteristics and civilization, but in general the author is most successful in the field of history where there is no room for the politics of the present (in which he himself participates) to color his judgment or restrain him from absolutely frank expression. However, on the whole the book is remarkably free from bias, does not exaggerate (as Rumanians are prone to do) the rather tenuous line of Rumanian descent from the Roman mother of civilization, and avoids allowing Balkan antagonisms of the present to warp the writer's judgment of the past.

Altogether, Professor Iorga has grounds for quite enough pride of authorship for him to resent the substitution of the translator's name for his own on the covers in which the American publishers have bound up the English sheets of his book.

"Marcel Rouff, whose 'Sur le Quai Wilson' has set Paris by the ears, is an open Socialistic enemy of the League as at present constituted," says *John O'Londons Weekly*. "This partisanship may detract from the merit of his book; yet, on the other hand, he happens to be editor of the *Tribune de Genève* and he was responsible for presenting his own country to the League several years ago, so that even if he does rummage in the backstairs and take crack after crack at the League and its personnel, he cannot be dismissed as one who does not know what he is talking about."

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

I FIND in The Folder three of the prettiest possible examples of the artist's consoling habit of considering life's doings from the standpoint of his chosen *métier*. The first is from an author who is also an expert on fine typography:

Two stories I want awfully to get at are these: one a hard, cruel theme of frustration (set perhaps in Linotype Bodoni) and the other a light and fanciful and beautiful thing (set, maybe, in French Cochin).

The second is in a charming letter from a dentist; extracted, shall we say, from a dentist's technical description of some very dainty work he has been doing upon a fair patient. It seems to me a perfect little essay on the Artist's Conscience:

I have been able to avoid the appearance of large masses of gold in the occlusive surfaces and other tooth walls exposed to view. By these means I have made strenuous efforts to conserve æsthetic values which I feel to be of great importance especially in the mouth of a woman. The work has not been done merely on so many teeth as individuals but I have been at pains throughout to produce a real restorative operation, coördinating tooth with fellow-tooth and with antagonist, to the end that the mechanical values and functions of the denture might be conserved. To do less is to fall short of one's obligations and privileges.

And the third comes from the studio of a painter in Greenwich Village:

For a while I was in a hellish state: the feeling that I was past forty and no longer really young, though of course we always think of ourselves as still merely kids. I was in hell's own misery of restlessness, indolence, self-scrutiny and postponement. I was *in vacuo*. Every day that went by was far too oddly complicated, grotesque, and vivid to attempt any transfer of it onto paper or canvas. Then somehow I have realized lately that I am really only just beginning to live and that all the most beautiful possibilities are ahead, not behind. I've learned, still only a pitiably clumsy little bit, but still a little, to read something of the inner character of other human beings—all bedevilled like myself by the pressing fancy of some loveliness, some consummation of the heart. At 1.30 this morning as I lay awake wondering whether to go on trying to think, or whether to get up and try some anæsthetic, a sudden brightness beaned me. The moon, across those billion leagues of crystal sky, had hunted me out on my very pillow. It never happened before. By some accident of cosmic timing and window arrangement there was a moment, before she slid behind a big apartment house, where she laid her magic right on my face as I lay there solitary in the studio. Did it calm me? Not a damn bit, but it made me think of you and your moonlight chapter. So I thought about you a little, finding you less troubling to think about than some other matters. Then the moon of course brought me back to Endymion and the Keats illustrations I've been doing—and what are you to do if you begin thinking about Keats at that time of night? I'll tell you what I did, absurd as it was. I lit some candles and arranged a light and took a pencil and a sheet of board and sat down in front of the mirror and spent an absorbed happy hour drawing a portrait of myself. I called it *Portrait of a Damned Fool Who Couldn't Sleep*. Drawing faces of course is the only thing that makes life sensible. What else is so exciting and impossible? What is finer discipline than that madly tender and rigorous attempt to catch the finer shadows of anxiety and "obstinate misgiving" that are in faces—and their immortal laughter?

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In the witty little leaflet occasionally issued by the Hadley Book Shop (South Hadley, Mass.) occurs the pleasantest review we have seen of Elinor Wylie's charming "Orphan Angel." It is signed W. D. B. and goes thus:

In 1822, off Leghorn's shore,
A Yankee clipper saved from hungry fish
A being of a most angelic mien—
The time, the place—and who but Percy Bysshe?

His rescuer, David, brought him back to health
And so it came about that, far from lost on
The bosom of the deep, he soon became
An able seaman on his way to Boston.

On reaching port, he and the doughty Dave,
Considering their partnership was lucky,
Set out to find a lovely orphan girl,
Silver, her name was, and her home Kentucky.

Then followed days idyllic with romance
With meetings strange and with adventures glamorous;
And, as it happened, everywhere he went
The poet found the girls distinctly amorous.

They loved his eyes, they loved his gentle ways;
He charmed them and bewitched them and to each he
Gave a sweet smile and now and then a kiss—
And all this time his wife was at Lerici.

Feeling myself far too much of a rustic, I picked up a copy of the *Official Metropolitan Guide*, issued weekly by the Hotel Association. How little do we countrymen realize the violent and tempting gaieties of the big town. For instance the New Masses Workers' and Peasants' Costume Ball, of which we read this advertisement:

Jazz, Sing, Riot, Hell, Fun, Dance—If You Like to Blow Off Steam—If you need something Red-hot to make you forget prohibition—If you're tired of being good—If you're sick of your job—If you want to meet pretty girls, Bohemians, Red Devils, Anarchists, Nuts, Writers, Roughnecks, Wage Slaves, Cops, Esthetes, and Heywood Broun—COME! COME! COME!

I must add, to forestall any enthusiastic rush of steamblowers toward the safety valve, that this event is now in the past.

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Congruity, Pa. (what a pleasant name for a village: looking it up in the atlas we find it not far east of Pittsburgh) writes:

Speaking as a pharmacist, and a former peddler of nostrums through the countryside, I know exactly what literature nowadays is up to. It is constructed on a formula precisely like the old-fashioned corn cure, which was made of a mixture of alcohol (13 per cent) and cannabis (41 grs. per fl. oz.). Cannabis is a moraceous herb of the hemp family, very powerful for eating away callouses. The mixture is a clear, highly volatile syrup with a strong sweetish, aphrodisaic perfume. (Keep phial tightly corked when not in use.) The same is true of contemporary fiction. It is effective, if properly applied to indurations and callosities of the spirit caused by the tightness and friction of modern life. After application, soak the mind in very hot water, and then out comes the callous. I read *The Saturday Review* carefully, and think it meritorious; but it seems to me strange that literary critics are so much more ignorant of life than the average country druggist.

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Brooklyn Heights writes:

I hope that the Deity was not disturbed to observe that 2,924 readers of the New York *World* don't Believe in Him. But then, at the steps of the Brooklyn Bridge, right alongside the World building, I heard two stalwart Salvation wenches in scarlet cloaks singing merrily and in double cadence "My Heavenly Father Watches Over Me." I was so pleased by their brawny simplicity that I put a quarter in the tambourine.

R. M. M. writes from the Official City News Bureau of Miami Beach, Florida:

Let me begin with the thread-bare flattery that ever since the halcyon days of your column in Phila. I have found your stuff vastly entertaining. True, you occasionally lapse into extra-columnar abstractions that I fancy are about as understandable and stimulating to the Man in the Street as an essay on the categorical imperative of Kant; but in the main—and I say this with two years' column-conducting experience behind me—your literary batting average runs perilously close to the .500 mark. . . .

But what I started out to say was that your December 4th revival of the old Desert Island Books wheeze set me thinking just now. Is it out of order for me to append my own list-of-three to the laudable selections of those Indianapolis booksellers? Well, then:

"A Night in the Luxembourg," by Remy de Gourmont.
"The World Machine," by Carl Snyder.
"Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters.

For either the second or third I might countenance the substitution of Horace or Martial in the Loeb Classical Library editions, but not for anything in English would I change the other. "The Revolt of the Angels" or "Penguin Island" might do in a pinch.

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"Bryn Mawrtyr '89" writes from Valladolid, Spain, a reproach that seems heartily well deserved. She says:

Allow a belated but passionate protest against the anonymous reviewer of "The Big House at Inver," by Somerville and Ross, in *The Saturday Review* of August 21. *Mr.* Ross, forsooth! and *Mrs.* Somerville!! What for a reviewer did you pick up or pick out? Hasn't he ever heard of those authors before???

Having been in a civilized and English-speaking land when the issue came out, I wasn't alert to see it; there were other things to read. Having rescued it in a mutilated condition from fate as wrapping paper in Valladolid, I have devoured it, though three months late; and let me hope that in those three months you have received many hoots and sneers. A general reading knowledge ought to be demanded of every reviewer.

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The most curious side-flash of the eye lately was an item in the catalogue of a Christmas exhibition of prints at Harlow's on Fifth Avenue. It was an etching by the greatly admired James McBey: *Gunfire, Mount of Olives*.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

His "Life of Palmerston" having now been published, Mr. Philip Guedalla is engaged on a "Life of Wellington." This is likely to be ready next year, but in the meantime Mr. Guedalla is preparing for a tour in the United States.

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Books of Special Interest

This World of Ours

THE SURGEON'S LOG. By J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926. $5.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN MANY LANDS. By CECIL GOSLING. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926. $3.50.

LANTERNS, JUNKS AND JADE. By SAMUEL MORRELL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1926. $2.50.

EAST OF SIAM. By HARRY A. FRANCK. New York: The Century Company. 1926. $3.50.

RAINBOW COUNTRIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA. By WALLACE THOMPSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926. $5.

ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By PAUL WILSTACH. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1926. $4.

THE MAMMOTH. By BASSETT DIGBY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by DALE WARREN

RARE it is that the reviewer, presented with an armful of "travel books," is unable to spot at a glance at least one "guide-book," unable to find a single author who urges him to travel and sets about telling him how to do it. It is obvious that none of the volumes listed above is subsidized by the various steamship agencies, for each and every one would have been written if American tourists were not to be reckoned with in increasing numbers each year.

J. Johnston Abraham is a London doctor who went to sea for his health. Being a literary man with a list of earlier books to his credit, what could be more natural than that he should keep a diary and send it to his publishers when the trip was over? "The Surgeon's Log" is the day to day record of an eventful voyage, of a voyage that restored not only health but a forgotten joy of the boundless spaces as well. It carries the reader from Liverpool to Port Said, through the Malay Straits to Japan, and in and out of the picturesque islands of the East Indies. The shimmering, golden glamour of the East breaks through its pages, and even the most hasty cannot fail to detect the faint whisperings of a myriad Oriental tongues. If the book is not one to stimulate travel, it will at least prompt the reader to keep a diary when on the high seas and to record therein the casual impressions which take on an entirely new significance east of Suez.

Cecil Gosling describes himself as a "minor official in the employment of the Foreign Office," and his "Travels and Adventures in Many Lands" is projected against a background of diplomatic life. The travels and adventures take place in Central and South America, Europe, and Africa. The volume really constitutes an autobiography and its only claim to the "travel" class lies in the fact that the gift of days in Paraguay leads quite naturally to a rather intimate discussion of Paraguayan history, topography, custom and character. The book spins itself out to four hundred closely written pages and, with the exception of the inevitable cousins and aunts, is apt to find few faithful readers.

Another diplomat to employ his leisure hours to advantage is Samuel Morrill, who limits his reminiscences to China. His "Lanterns, Junks, and Jade" is a well-balanced volume in which facts and fancies are skilfully played against each other. One chapter is a delicate vignette of some of the lesser-known aspects of Chinese life while the next treats the various phases of Chinese development from a purely historical point of view. The book is in all ways the work of one who has responded both æsthetically and intellectually to his years of residence in the shadow of the Great Wall. Physically speaking, it is little short of a triumph.

The indefatigable Harry A. Franck, heralded by his publishers as "the modern Marco Polo and Magellan all in one," is still vagabonding, and his thirteenth travel shows him in the heart of French Indo-China. He calls it "East of Suez." Here we find an entertaining, diverting tale of vagabond days in the Orient, constructed along the familiar lines. Mr. Franck travels out of the love of travel and writes out of the love of writing, with the result that there is an unmistakable ring of sincerity and a contagious enthusiasm in his pages certain to impress both the actual and the vicarious traveller. Those who think that China and Indo-China are one and the same will be rudely surprised by some of Mr. Franck's observations. To him, this important French colony is "not in any sense China, but the living line of division between two ancient and very different masses of Oriental civilization." The volume is thickly illustrated and contains a map of the sort that always should be, and seldom is, contained in books of travel.

In "Rainbow Countries of Central America," Wallace Thompson seeks to forecast the future of the "countries where destiny sits on national doorsteps," and there is a decided political and commercial slant to his study of this region which has all but forgotten its Indian colonization and its later heritage of mediæval Spain. In his own words, "I have written a book half travel-tale and half exposition of history. . . . I have tried to do what someone must some day do with the travel book; merge happily between its covers both the color and charm of the lands he tells of, and those relatively few dependable facts that are vital to the reader's full enjoyment and understanding."

Mr. Thompson enters at length into a discussion of America's policy towards Central America and concludes that the "rainbow countries" owe not a little of their latter-day progress to the brains of the State Department at Washington. The serious tone of the volume should not, however, frighten the prospective traveller as Mr. Thompson does not write with a heavy hand. Some of his word pictures would not be out of place in a volume of strictly literary adulation.

The nearest approach to the guide-book that this collection offers is Paul Wilstach's "Islands of the Mediterranean," a book which fits very neatly on the shelves next to the author's earlier volume, "Along the Pyrenees." Mr. Wilstach shares with Mr. Franck the zest for travel and experience that has animted the adventurers of all ages, and writes in a happy vein well suited to the character of his observations. The introductory pages on the lure of islands, in general, and the lure of the Mediterranean, in particular, admirably prepare the reader for the subsequent chapters on the unutterable fascination of Majorca, Corsica, and Elba, Sicily, Malta, and Sardinia, Corfu, Tinos, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus. Statistics and valuable bits of information of interest to travellers are appropriately segregated in an appendix.

Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S., is a scientist, not a travel expert, and his volume is primarily a record of mammoth hunting in Northeast Siberia. It is the story of an actual trip, yet embodies the results of research extended over a period of years in England, America, Sweden, Russia, and Japan. One cannot read it without sharing much of the author's enthusiasm for his task and coming to the conclusion that, when venturing into the Arctic, a prehistoric elephant is an ever more tempting quarry than the North Pole itself.

Frustration

THE GREAT AMERICAN ASS—An Autobiography. Anonymous. Brentano's. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by M. R. WERNER

ON the next to the last page of his autobiography the author of this book strikes the keynote to his unpleasant, but not insignificant, personality in this sentence: "I froth at the mouth with frustration." His book is what he himself admits in the closing phrase of the previous sentence, "an aching yawp." And three hundred and fifteen pages of frothing and yawping do not make for much except the satisfaction of his own feelings on the subject. He calls himself an ass continually, but the unfortunate part of it all is that he is insincere about it. He feels far more superior to his environment than the talents displayed in this story of himself warrant.

The book is a rather slovenly account of the terrible struggle of a man with his father and his environment. The struggle with his father is well told, and there are flashes all through the book of keen analysis of his predicament. But many men fight their fathers and manage by virtue of that very battle to establish a place for the talents which they believe they possess. The difficulty with The Great American Ass is that no one more than himself realizes the paucity of his talents, and he spends an entire lifetime pitying himself, varying the monotony slightly by blaming now and then either his heritage or his countrymen. The samples of his poetry, which are sprinkled here and there throughout the book, indicate his mediocrity. One of the least sound types of human beings is the one which believes that the world owes it something—a living and satisfaction for its ego. Unfortunately, the world never recognizes the obligation, and one who is not willing to accept the fact has not attained that sufficient degree of pessimism necessary for self-preservation. Some day perhaps, a more benevolent state will protect people like the author of this book as it now does other victims of delusion.

"The Great American Ass" is a chronicle of a life spent in Kansas by a boy in a large family of Puritan heritage. The father, a Yankee, a practical joker, hard as the proverbial Puritan, and with all the distorted wit of his type, batters down the personalities of his wife and children, until they are finally forced to resort to a lawsuit in order to take part of the old man's property for their mother. The victory seems a puny one, but it is easy to understand the satisfaction which the author must have taken in it.

It is too bad to have to say harsh things about this man, for he already revels too much in all the harsh things which have been said of him and his work. But then the pain which he has suffered from his frustration and his critics seems to be the one great pleasure of his life.

Seeking Happiness

UNDERSTANDING OURSELVES: THE FINE ART OF HAPPINESS. By HAROLD DEARDEN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THIS is a commendable survey of a popular theme maintained and sustained upon a physician's experience. It has the commendable purpose of helping those who need itand who does not?—to get the most of the powers and satisfactions that are within their reach. It contains much good advice expressed with a good sense of phrase, and a poised perspective of selection. It might be damned by faint praise, but deserves a better appraisal; even while one may express regret that it does not attain a higher order of utility. It is directed to the relief of the inhibitions, impediments, and entanglements, that beset the path of expression in the striving for an efficient career and a happy adjustment to circumstance. But it is unfortunate that many of those who are the victims of such difficulty of endowment are too complex to be reached by so simple a technique. If simply constituted in psychic disposition, they are not likely to be troubled by the impediments that if slight enough could be treated by such direct and simple measures. Yet the stratum of the average is so extensive that the "technique of living" which is set forth will find its clientèle.

The same stricture applies to the level of presentation, deep enough and correct enough, to escape the verdict of obvious superficialty or distortion, but not deep enough to avoid the fallacy of over simplification, the acceptance of verbal for real analysis, the weakness of an electric product lacking organization. By the same weakness it attempts too much, tries to serve as an experimental question-box to document the principles set forth, and is vastly overweighted by an appendix on the sex problem in education, quite out of proportion to the rest of the theme. At the critical points there is either a begging of the issue, or a resort to an analogy that fails to carry; such as the attempt to illustrate the lack of social penetration by the quite differently conditioned illusions of sense. Naturally the major purpose is devoted to the treatment of the motivation scheme and the rational responses, founded in turn upon the great mass of habit formation that is the indispensable mechanism of present-day adjustment.

With so tempting a theme, quite the same that has given rise to a vast array of "fake" psychologies in the applied field where exploitation of the success and power *motif* is so easy a game to the "psychology" promoter, yet a theme absolutely legitimate and most important, one cannot expect that any but the rare mind with a fine restraint, and masterly control of the material will achieve a notable product. The same is true of many another field, many another "text-book" territory, but of none so notably as in that which offers aid to those in need of guidance in the art of living,—of emotional and intellectual living particularly.

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By ROBERT GREENHALGH ALBION

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro

By Newbell Niles Puckett

An intensely human book of Negro folk-lore and superstition, hoodoo and conjure, magic and religion, signs and wonders. A peek behind the curtain upon little-known manifestations of the well-nigh inscrutable Negro soul. The book is written in a scholarly and scientific manner and yet with rare sympathy and understanding. Mr. Puckett writes from years of close association with the Negro. For a time he even set up as a hoodoo-doctor with great success. "Should some weird, archaic, Negro doctrine be brought to the average white man's attention, he almost invariably considers it a relic of African heathenism, though in four cases out of five it is a European dogma from which only centuries of patient education could wean even his own ancestors."—From the *Preface*. (Cloth, 644 pages, postpaid $5.00)

At all bookstores or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

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Books of Special Interest

Ancient Rome

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By M. ROSTOVTZEFF. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $15.

Reviewed by CHARLES KNAPP

Barnard College

PROFESSOR MICHAEL ROSTOVTZEFF, author of this book, has had an interesting and stimulating career. Having served in at least two foreign universities, he came to the United States. After some years at the University of Wisconsin, he became Professor of Ancient History in Yale University.

By his work since he came to America he has won an enviable reputation as a learned and penetrating writer on the history of ancient Greece and ancient Rome. His competence in these fields has been shown in part by a long array of articles in periodicals, notable among which are some giving the results of his studies in the papyri that reflects so much light on aspects of Greek and Roman life that are, to be sure, not spectacular, but are nevertheless of immense importance for the many special studies that must, presently, be made before the final, definitive history of ancient Greek and Roman life can be written. In consequence of such studies Professor Rostovtzeff has profound knowledge of Hellenistic Greece, and of the Roman occupation of Egypt, fields which, to the orthodox classical scholar, have too often been veritable *terrae incognitae*.

Among Professor Rostovtzeff's writings those best known to Americans are his book, "Iranians and Greeks in Southern Russia" (Oxford University Press), and his monograph, "A Large Estate in Egypt in the Third Century B. C.: A Study in Economic History" (University of Wisconsin Studies in the Social Sciences). The latter monograph presents a picture of the economic life in Egypt at the time named, drawn on the basis of a study of some 350 papyri that give the correspondence of a Greek named Zenon, who was manager of a great estate owned by a Greek named Apollonius, Treasurer of Finance under Ptolemy Philadelphus. Such studies as these fitted Professor Rostovtzeff to produce the work under review and his history of the ancient world, one volume of which has appeared since "The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire" was published.

In the Preface to the latter volume Professor Rostovtzeff tells us that the book is the first attempt "to connect the social and economic evolution of the Empire with its constitutional and administrative development, or with the home and foreign policy of the Emperors." He is convinced that, "without a thorough investigation of the social and economic conditions, no attempt to write a general history of the Roman Empire can be successful."

There are twelve chapters in the book, and, besides, sixty illustrations, many of them admirably illustrative of economic life; nearly 150 pages of Notes, setting forth justifications for the views adopted in the several chapters, and giving also a marvelous wealth of bibliographical material; an Index of Names and Subjects, covering 45 pages; and an Index of Papyri and Inscriptions, covering thirteen pages.

To do justice to this book, even in a mere presentation, with any fulness, of the author's views, would require pages. Two or three times as many pages would be required to criticize the book in detail, and to explain why a critic, in spite of the author's learning, and his careful documentation, finds himself in divers places unable to accept the author's views. The author himself tells us, in his Preface, that the material on which his studies were based is scanty and scattered; he warns us, too, that scholars are by no means agreed in their interpretations of such materials as are available; he adds that "most of the conclusions drawn by modern scholars are arbitrary, or financial, or both."

One thing, however, is certain. No matter how greatly Professor Rostovtzeff may be led, by his own unceasing studies or by the comments of other scholars, to modify his views in this or that detail, he has here produced a volume of solid and enduring worth, that no student of the Roman Empire can neglect, save at his peril, whatever the nature of his special interest in that Empire, whatever the avenue of his approach to the study of that Empire. The work represents the fruits of an enormous amount of labor, and an uncanny gift of making a synthesis, fascinating, suggestive, highly valuable, of materials widely scattered. The bibliographical material alone in the volume puts every reader of it under lasting obligations. The very richness of this material, however, makes one wish that Professor Rostovtzeff, who more than any one else knows its value, had gathered together, in some ordered array, its more important elements, instead of leaving it to each reader to construct for himself such an array as he works, over and over, through the book.

It remains to indicate, so far as it can be done in a few words, the contents of the book. Professor Rostovtzeff has given an outline of it in his Preface):

> An alliance between the Italian *bourgeoisie* and the Italian proletariats, headed by ambitious politicians and military leaders, resulted in the collapse of the hegemony of the two privileged orders of Rome, the senatorial and the equestrian, which together had formed a class of large half-feudal landowners and business men who owed their material prosperity to the exploitation of the resources of the State and their political power to their wealth.
>
> Augustus, the Julii, and the Claudii all alike sought to build up a State based on the city *bourgeoisie* of the Empire as a whole; by ruthless terrorism they destroyed the influence of the magnates of the Republic. The middle class formed the economic backbone of the State. But this class refused to support the "personal military tyranny which, after Vespasian's attempt to restore the Augustan principate, was revived in the autocratic régime of Domitian." The constitutional monarchy of the Antonines "rested on the urban middle class throughout the Empire, and on the self-government of the cities." But this urban middle class was not strong enough to support the fabric of the world-state. The municipal *bourgeoisie* was as unwilling as was the imperial aristocracy and bureaucracy to open its ranks to the lower orders." . . . The society of the Empire became more and more divided into two classes or castes—the *bourgeoisie* and the masses, the *honestiores* and the *humiliores*. A sharp antagonism arose gradually between the country and the cities.
>
> It was this antagonism which was the ultimate cause of the crisis of the third century, when the aspirations of the lower classes were expressed by the army and countenanced by the Emperors. . . the struggle degenerated into the civil and social war and the political anarchy of the second half of the third century. The *bourgeoisie* and the upper classes of society were destroyed, and there arose a new form of government which was more or less suited to the conditions—the Oriental despotism of the fourth and fifth centuries, based on the army, on a strong bureaucracy, and on the mass of the peasants.
>
> The State did nothing to foster economic progress. By protecting the city *bourgeoisie*, and taking little or no thought for the prosperity of the masses, it made the burden of supporting the State fall entirely on the working classes. There was, in consequence, a rapid decline of the material welfare of the masses. They were the chief consumers of goods: their diminished purchasing power reacted adversely on the development of commerce. Decay had set in, definitely, as early as the beginning of the second century. The curative measures of the Emperors were puerile, and brought no relief.

The Golden Rule

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF BUSINESS ETHICS. By EVERETT W. LORD. New York: Ronald Press. 1926. $2.75.

BUSINESS ETHICS. By JAMES MELVIN LEE. New York: Ronald Press. 1926. $3.25.

Reviewed by MURRAY I. GURFEIN

ORTHODOX economists were wont to put ethics beyond the pale of economic science. In a study of the wealth getting and wealth using activities of man it was considered more important to formulate rules about what men were doing rather than about what men ought to do. In this sense economics was purely a descriptive science, not a study of the good and the bad. Thus Adam Smith based his economic theory on what appeared to him the single greatest actuating principle in the realm of business, the principle that each man was guided by his self-interest. Certain critics have objected to this narrow interpretation of the basis for human behavior, and we find Walter Bagehot remarking somewhat caustically that the trouble with Adam Smith was that he thought every man a Scotchman.

Nowadays we are prone to throw our hands up at any attempt to distinguish rigorously between ethical considerations and the body of economic doctrines. A new philosophy of business is slowly rearing its head out of the sea of economic chaos. Business is said to include service within its scope. Indeed, one of our learned legalists, Mr. Justice Brandeis, insists that business has earned the status of a profession, the essential quality of which is service.

But whether or not this change in the attitude of the business man is due to an intrinsically changed morality is a matter of doubt. It is possible, of course, that the application of ethics to business is merely an extension of the old self-interest doctrine. Even in a utilitarian calculus of pleasures and pains the pleasures and pains do not have to be immediate but may be projected into the future. The business man may accept returned goods only in order that he may be able to sell the customer more at a later date. And this seems to be recognized by many writers on business ethics in their emphasis upon the idea that "honesty is the best policy," and that it is to the individual's advantage "to do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

On this basis, looking at certain more abstruse ethical practices from the point of view of utility, it is much easier for the ethical propagandist to convey his idea to the business man than it is for my moralist friend who says, "Honesty is the best policy, but he who is honest out of policy is a rogue."

The real problem in business ethics thus becomes essentially a problem of the delineation of boundaries. It is easy for the theorist to evolve codes of conduct of a general nature, but what the individual is interested in, after all, is more specific criteria of action. Can the lecturer on business ethics, granting even that his broad categories are valid, aid the individual in his treatment of the concrete data of everyday business experience?

Dean Lord's book is the kind of thing one lecturer writes for another. It attempts to keep the study of ethics on a rationalist plane. Thus are categories made and definitions examined; thus are the writings of philosophers reviewed in a few sentences; and thus is the conclusion reached that "Calvin's doctrines have been especially influential in American political and economic development, and have tended to justify the existing capitalistic system."

This is the kind of writing which separates philosophy from life. That there may be good ground for so doing in the case of an avowedly abstract problem is not doubted, but a work that purports to apply ethics to life should not fly off into the empyrean of speculation. Dean Lord seems to have remembered his purpose toward the end by including a last chapter on "Cases and Problems." Perhaps his failure to incorporate in his book some answers to the problems he suggests will serve to illustrate his conception of the purpose of business ethics. He gives the business man the problems. A study of ethics of this sort is valuable in so far as it enables him to rationalize his answers to them.

Mr. Lee calls his book a "manual of modern morals" and seeks to traverse the entire field of business ethics from a consideration of the social status of modern business to the presentation of various codes of ethics formulated by business organizations. While his scope is certainly broad enough to stimulate both the moralist and the practical man the author has failed to order his data into a coherent whole. His method is a rambling one. He intersperses case with theory throughout the book, although his effort is an intensely readable one. The book must be considered by the business man, however, as a stimulus rather than as a key for a complete response. Mr. Lee admits as much himself in writing, "Readers will doubtless think that this book answers few questions about ethics. I quite agree with them. It does not aim to give solutions but merely to point the way of the solution by listing the factors to be considered."

In the present state of ethics that is, perhaps, all that an author can do. Business ethics at the present time is a propaganda movement of a better sort. It cannot yet lay claim to being a science. Indeed, after reading these books one is inclined to agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw that "the Golden Rule is that there are no golden rules."

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Foreign Literature

Barbusse's Latest

FORCE (Trois Films). By HENRI BARBUSSE. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1926.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

You must be a believer. . . . You must detach yourself from the old things you believed, but not from the beautiful old power of believing. —Le Crieur.

THUS speaks the truth-sayer in Henry Barbusse's latest work, the volume of tales collectively entitled "Force." That faith is the keynote of his work since "La Clarté."

It was not always faith to which he clung with logical consistency. For Henri Barbusse is a child of the generation that grew up during the now historical 'nineties, when the hammer of Nietzsche shattered ideals that had barely crystalized in the plastic minds of those who were then adolescents, and when Ibsen upon that wreckage, poised like a sphinx, launched his eternal questions.

Born in 1878, Barbusse was nursed in an atmosphere of spiritual unrest. Moreover, his father was French, his mother an Englishwoman, and the two widely divergent temperaments may not have been harmoniously blended in the soul of the child. His youth was spent in comfortable circumstances; he married the daughter of Catulle Mendès, who sponsored the publication of his first work, "Les Pleureuses." That volume of poems reflected the gnawing discontent of a highly sensitive nature, born into a world of unsettled convictions, and broken idols. It was the prelude which marked his arrival in the literature of his country. He expressed himself, as a young intellectual of that period, but had not yet found his individual sphere and form.

As if to escape from the vague romanticism with which he played in that book, since he felt that he belonged neither to the symbolist school nor to the narrowly circumscribed circle of the classicists, he boldly in the novel "L'Enfer" launched into stark naturalism. Zola has not painted vice in more sordid aspects, and with more lurid colors, than did Barbusse in this work. It showed the latent power of his pen.

⁂

The experience of the war brought his unusual gift to sudden maturity. Although he did not belong to the "class" then called to the colors, he enlisted in 1914. Three times his delicate health caused him to be sent to the rear; but every time he was dismissed by the doctors, he returned to the front. In 1916 he wrote "Le Feu," in the English translation known as "Under Fire"—the book which has had a larger circulation throughout the world than any other work of our time. He continued in the fighting ranks until 1917, when his physical condition forced his definite retirement. Although he spared his readers none of the horrors of the great slaughter, there glimmers in the book a spark of hope, that such a cataclysm may be avoided in a time to come. In "La Clarté," published in 1919, his denunciation of war was plainly tempered with faith in the future, when this scourge of mankind will be unknown.

Thus Barbusse gradually widened his horizon. The poet of pessimism became a prophet of the revolution. But his bitter arraignment of the present order of things is relieved by his faith in the great mass of humanity. This faith illumines the pages of his new book, the three symbolical tales appropriately named "Force." For in each of them he shows the power of human beings to destroy the old in order to create the new, which is to be the realization of that faith. The parenthetical phrase of the title page ("Trois Films") prepares the reader for the somewhat cinematographical character of the stories.

The scene of the tale from which the book derives its title, is Rome in the period of its decadence. Mysterious phenomena observed on the top of a mountain near the village of Ligura, strike terror into the souls of the peasants. One man has the courage to follow the light which flares up at intervals, and disappears at anybody's approach. He meets a stray horse which ambles upward ahead of him by devious paths, and stops at an opening leading into the interior of the mountain. He gropes his way down a long dark stairway, at the end of which is a dim light, and enters a room filled with strange tools and instruments. In their midst is seated a human figure in which one recognizes the master of the mountain. Awed by the simple dignity of the man, the newcomer prostrates himself, but is told:

I am a man like others. I was born on this soil. My name is Timon. . . . I am simply a man whose mind has explored nature more thoroughly, and has gone farther than those of my environment. . . . There is nothing divine about this.

From his laboratory in the mountain Timon, with the aid of his instruments, watches the doings of the whole world. When he descends into the village he works what people call miracles—feats that can be explained by the science of our time. The action of the story proceeds in scenes like those of a moving picture play, and vividly visualizes Roman life at that period: processions, banquets, revolts of the slaves, orgies unspeakable, and massacres unbelievable, and persecution of those teaching and living other ideals of life. The figure of Timon walks through it all, commenting, interpreting, and in the solitude of his mountain planning by harnessing the force at his command to raze the old in order to build the new.

Among the disciples of Timon is a traitor, who during his absence from the mountain robs him of his instruments, and makes him defenseless. On the way to a new retreat, Timon is struck by an arrow, but undaunted by his wound, he walks on, and talks with the one who has remained loyal to him. He is haunted by just one fear: that man, become master of the powers of nature directing the fire and the force, traversing space like a bird, may use all this to destroy life.

Not until the multitude . . . has wrested the power from their oppressors, will the evil change into good

and with the hope that this day may come before all the generations of man have trod upon the other, he disappears from view.

The second tale, "Au Dela," is the story of an aviator, Hubert Allen, who is to compete for the Coupe du Xenith, in a contest financed by the all-powerful nabob, the Baron de Ghest. On the eve of the great event, the winning of which is to place him at the head of an air raid on China, he visits his demented aunt in an asylum and the old woman, sibyl-like, utters this lugubrious prophesy:

It is tomorrow: the race to death. We are all a part of it, not only you, my poor boy. Nothing to be done—alas! For the terrible man of steel and gold, he has to devour human beings. He will suffocate us all, all, all, and the poor people, too.

Full of hope by his triumph to win riches, position, distinction, and the hand of his sweetheart, Allen enters the race. The vertiginous tempo of the ascension, the baffling descent, the return to the hangar which he finds in ruins, the realization that some inconceivable catastrophe has silenced and petrified all life, instantly, in all the divers acts and occupations of human beings, reads like a reincarnated Poe. A scrap of paper which he finds beside the corpse of the man of gold, the Baron de Ghest, gives him a clue to what has appened:

The air raid on China. The casus belli will result from the outburst of indignation which the news of the massacre of the aviators will call forth in Europe.

Allen begins to see that the force which the mechanicians and the chemists of the nabob unchained to annihilate the aviators, has annihilated all, including him, the diabolical originator of the scheme, the man who by his affairs in Georgia, the Soudan, the Balkans, has launched war upon war, by bribing the parliaments, the press, the tribunals, and the churches. He looks across the colonnade of immovable human forms towards the sea, and perceives a light. It moves:

A ship! The cataclysm has not reached the whole world. All is not dead. Everything will begin again.

"Le Crieur"—the Truthsayer—sompletes the circle of these three tales. It deals with a man, who goes about dispensing truth at every occasion. A sort of crank, says somebody of him, but "he strikes with the club of a god." He is ridiculed, he is hated, but the truths he flings about smilingly, sink into the conscience of the people, and in time the tide changes and he is elected counsellor, then mayor.

At this time his health fails. It is age that has overcome him. He begins to contradict his former convictions, to become more and more like—the others. But even this tale of the defeat of a conscience ends in a note of faith.

As a story "Le Crieur" is less firmly knit together, and is evidently only the vehicle for the author's ideas on political, social, religious problems, and even on love. But it is a curiously haunting book.

Three Dramatists

DOROTHEA ANGERMANN. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1926.

DER TURM. By HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. Munich: Verlag der Bremer Presse. 1926.

PAULUS UNTER DEN JUDEN. By FRANZ WERFEL. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1926.

FRANZ WERFEL: VERSUCH EINER ZEITSPIEGELUNG. By RICHARD SPECHT. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

BY an interesting coincidence the most recent plays of three of the most important living German dramatists, two of the older, one of the younger, generation, have all appeared at about the same time—appeared, that is to say, to be strictly accurate, in book form, for Hugo von Hofmannsthal's play was first published a year or so ago in his review, the *Neue Deutsche Beiträge*. The event suggests a number of interesting comparisons between the earlier and later work of each dramatist, and between the work in general of each of the writers concerned. Herr Gerhart Hauptmann's play is a complete "throw-back" to his earlier manner. Although it is described as a "new drama," it is placed in surroundings of the nineties, and might quite well have been written then. To those who have continuously followed the development of Hauptmann's work, from its naturalistic beginnings to his latest, consistently-maintained mystical, erotic manner, as shown in his immediately preceding play, "Veland," which was reviewed here on November 14, 1925, "Dorothea Angermann" will come as a surprise, and not a very agreeable surprise at that, since, although it is a return to the style of, say, "Einsame Menschen," it is more superficial, and less well constructed. Dorothea Angermann is the daughter of a straitlaced pastor. She has been betrayed by the chef at a small country hotel, and her father forces the couple to emigrate to the United States, Dorothea leaving behind a worthy young scholar, Herbert Pfarnschmidt, who wished to marry her. In New York Dorothea comes upon Hubert, Herbert's good-for-nothing artist-brother, living in great wretchedness; she herself has in the meantime been reduced to equal desperation, and then, by one of those incredible coincidences which mar the play, Herbert turns up, rescues his brother, and announces his intention of marrying Dorothea. But he has not reckoned with her husband Mario, and in any case she herself is reluctant to leave, and so the brothers depart for Germany, while Dorothea continues her life of misery. Ultimately Mario dies, and Dorothea then returns to Herbert, who, however, has married in the meantime. It is too late, and after a dramatic scene with her father Dorothea falls dead, poisoned by her own hand. It is a sordid drama, and that it all sounds so old-fashioned is a proof of how far we have travelled since "transcriptions from life" were accounted the only kind of drama worth the writing.

⁂

Hugo von Hofmannsthal has placed his drama in a timeless setting, in Poland of the seventeenth century, it is true, but a Poland more of fable than history. As with his last play, the "Salzburger Welttheater," he has borrowed his framework, or even more, from Calderon, in this case from the Spanish dramatist's "La Vida es Sueño." In the tower of the title the Polish King Basilius has imprisoned his son Sigismund, in order to ward off a prophecy that, as his mother had died in bringing him into the world, so he would grow up to kill his father. Tended only by the guardian Julian, the faithful old servant, Anton, and the doctor, the boy grows up almost like a wild beast. Then one day, to avert the rage of the populace, the king has the idea of producing his son. He is drugged, and awakes in the palace. There this kind of Caliban is aroused to his destiny. He kills his father, ascends the throne, and proclaims—here is one of those touches of modernity which Hofmannsthal has applied to the Calderon play in this instance as he did in the other—a new social gospel of building up the state instead of a policy of mere power and acquisitiveness. But the new leader is destined, too, to die before he can really undertake his task, and the mystical figure of the child-king enters upon his heritage which Sigismund had prepared for him. There are some remarkable dramatic moments in this play, passages of lofty poetry, and over all a magical atmosphere. The romanticism of Calderon has been excluded—there is no love-plot and the women-characters of "La Vida es Sueño" have all been omitted. The play, in short, is a notable experiment in reviving and adapting the Calderon-type of drama to the German, and in particular the "baroque" Salzburg stage.

Franz Werfel is perhaps the most promising of the younger German dramatists. Indeed, after his Mexican drama, "Maximilian and Juarez," and now this latest achievement, the promise can be said to have been fulfilled, well before the writer has reached forty. The account of Werfel by his friend Herr Specht gives an enthusiastic, but at the same time authoritative, review of his complete work, rightly laying emphasis on Werfel's intensely serious artistic aims. So many of his contemporaries have gone astray in preaching sermons on the stage, in applying their art to political ends, or even in dropping their art altogether and taking to radical political propaganda. Werfel began with radical ideas; he may, for all one knows, hold them today. But he has been, in the greater part of his published work, single-minded in the pursuit of literary beauty and dramatic truth. In one respect he comes midway between the naturalistic Hauptmann and the symbolist Hofmannsthal. So far as research into Jewish tradition and first-hand study of Palestine can make it, "Paulus unter den Juden" is firmly rooted in actuality, a "transcript from the life" of two men at the supreme moment of their own history, and the history of their race. But the two men, Paul and his teacher Gamaliel, work out their fate not for themselves alone, but as representatives of two contending tendencies in world-history. "Just as the dream," Werfel remarks in his interesting Postscript, "is the deeper reconstruction of one's personal life, so the tragedy is the deeper reconstruction of a world-event (*Weltgeschehen*)." And the "world-event" is, of course, the defeat of the Jewish law by the new truths of Christianity. It is a great theme, and Herr Werfel, particularly in the great scene between Paul and Gamaliel, rises to his literary and theatrical opportunities, showing the high sincerity, the pathetic resignation, the tragic disillusionment of the Jewish teacher in the face of a force he could only vaguely measure and dimly appreciate. With his death and the entry of the Roman soldiery into the temple, still more with the cry of Simon Peter, "The hour of Christ is come," a whole world comes down tottering to its fall. Some of the earlier scenes of the play are weak, they drag a little, but the climax is finely conceived, in respect of writing as well as of stage-effect. It is not out of place to recall that by origin Werfel is a Jew—born in Prague of German-Jewish parents in the year 1890. This gives the clue to the sureness with which he has sketched the character of Gamaliel and has made of him the real hero of the tragedy.

Foreign Notes

AN illustrated history of Czech literature, "Obrazove dejiny Ceske Literatury" (Prague: Unie), by G. Pallas and V. Zelinka, has recently made its appearance. Its two volumes comprise nearly a thousand pages which provide a concise account of Czech writers and their works from the earliest times to the present day. It contains also a large number of drawings, photographs, and facsimiles.

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Joseph d'Arbaud's "La Bête du Vacarès" (Paris: Grasset) is a tale written in the Languedocian patois, and supplied with the equivalent in modern French on a facing page. It is the story of the solitary guardian of a troop of wild cattle on the Provençal coast, who during one of his lonely watches comes on the track of a centaur whom though he loathes he pities and nourishes. Then one moonlight night he sees the god of a dead past surrounded by cattle as he pipes on a hillside.

⁂

On his death the late Dean Beeching left notes, deletions, and additions for use in a second edition of his anthology "A Book of Christmas Verse," originally issued in 1895. The new edition, the range of which extends from the earliest carols to poems by Robert Bridges, Thomas Hardy and G. K. Chesterton, will shortly be published by the Oxford University Press.

⁂

Ernest Robert Curtius's "Französischer Geist in Neuen Europa" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) is a collection of discerning and pungent essays on contemporary French writers. Herr Curtius writes with knowledge, appreciation, and fine insight of such French literary figures as Proust, Valéry, and Bergson among others.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE PAINTER'S METHODS AND MATERIALS. By A. P. Laurie. Illustrated. Lipipncott. 1926.

After fifteen years of further study, Professor Laurie applies to the problems of contemporary painting the historical discoveries first announced in "The Materials of the Painter's Craft." The intervening years have naturally produced some change of view. In particular, Professor Laurie's application of microphotography to pictures has settled some matters objectively. As to the vexed issue of the medium of the Van Eyck's, the author no longer believes it was a pure varnish. He now suggests that a little yolk of egg was added to a varnish or thickened oil which was used over a tempera foundation. Practical experiments seem to support the view.

The main problem of the painter in oils is conceived by the author to be the prevention of darkening. Needful precautions are a light and nonabsorbent underpainting preferably in tempera, the locking up of certain fugitive colors in varnish, and the avoidance of too much loading and overpainting.

It is clear that to paint for the centuries involves the sacrifice of methods loved by many old masters and popular today. Such painters as continue to accept darkening with resignation may still profit by Professor Laurie's counsels and shun methods which are certain to produce not merely darkening but ugliness. Indeed, in view of the harmonious lowering of tone of Renaissance pictures, it seems as if the artists may have foreseen the process and painted in anticipation thereof. Our recent painters have been less farsighted. Many of the Barbizon and Impressionist pictures are already ugly shadows of what they were. The case urges upon the painter a sound knowledge of methods and materials. Among many books of guidance he will find none superior to Professor Laurie's.

Readers of the chapter on picture cleaning should be advised that the procedures to which the author inadvertently gives a too simple case, are really so delicate and difficult that they should never be undertaken by an inexperienced hand.

Belles Lettres

THE FIFTEEN JOYS OF MARRIAGE. Ascribed to Antoine de la Salle, c 1388-c 1462. Translated by Richard Aldington. (Broadway Translations). Dutton. 1926. $3.

The Ruen M.S. of the "Quinze Joyes de Marriage" was dated by the copyist 1464. There were several printed editions in the fifteenth century. The first of them is one of the earliest of printed books, and only one copy of it is known. Whether or not there was extant in 1509 a rendering of the "Quinze Joyes" into English verse, or any translation current in the eighteenth century called the "Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony," neither of these is procurable now, and Mr. Aldington's work is very welcome. The volume makes the eighteenth of the series of Broadway Translations, and seems a wiser selection than several of them.

There was a curious outburst of anti-feminism in the later Middle Ages. It seems to have been a bourgeois reaction against the chivalric idealization, realism against romanticism, the fabliaux against the sonnets. It was usually coarse, frequently bitter, and as extravagant and fantastic in its own way as the code of the Courts of Love.

The Fifteen Joys is one of the latest of these attacks on women. The title is a parody of the "Fifteen Joys of the Virgin." Mediæval faith was too naïve and robust to mind such parodies. It belongs to the regular tradition of mediæval anti-feminist literature, and the author borrowed freely from his predecessors. It is more decent than most, far less scandalous than the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles." It is "a gallery of scolds, shrews, faithless spouses, artful housewives, and lucklessly inefficient husbands" not stories, but, fifteen typical cases of fearful predicaments in which well-meaning husbands are likely to find themselves. There is a good deal of shrewd psychology in it, but the author practically admits at the end that he does not think so badly of women as he has pretended. He offers to write another book on wrongs that women suffer from men. Perhaps he did, but if so, nothing is known of it.

Biography

THE YOUNG VOLTAIRE. By Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green. 1926. $3.

Churton Collins's recent "Voltaire in England" dealt with the details of that episode of two years and three months. Mr. Chase is concerned with its more general relations, especially its influence on Voltaire's convictions and career. Voltaire went to England immature and unsettled. He left it mature, and with the purpose and point of view which mainly was that of the rest of his long life.

Mr. Chase's is not a brilliant or in any way an extraordinary book. It is a good bit of useful work. Possibly the most suggestive part is the chapter called "Cosmopolitanism" and the emphasis there put on the immense difference between seventeenth and eighteenth century France, between the eras of Louis the XIV and Louis the XV. Under the Grand Monarque Frenchmen took it for granted that nothing outside of France was worth considering; and of the year 1763 Gibbon wrote "Our opinions, our manners, even our dress were adopted in France." Voltaire had more to do than anyone with this enthusiasm, which became so indiscriminate that he later reacted against it. The French Revolution in ideas began early in the century. One of the main roads leading to 1789 was that trodden by French logicians arguing from English premises which had no logic in them. In the history of English liberty the facts were native and came first, the doctrine afterward. In the history of French liberty the doctrine was borrowed and the order reversed. Naturally the word does not mean quite the same in the two languages.

THE VAGABOND DUCHESS: THE LIFE OF HORTENSE MANCINI, DUCHESSE MAZARIN. By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. Dutton. 1926. $5.

Cardinal Mazarin had six nieces whom he imported from Italy for the sake of political alliances. The most beautiful and the Cardinal's favorite, was Hortense. Instead of marrying her to a very great noble, he made her his heir and married her to the Marquis de la Meilleraye, who took the name of Mazarin. She would probably have married Charles II of England had Mazarin at the time thought the Stuarts likely to be restored to the throne. Eventually she became one of Charles's mistresses.

In course of time Duke Mazarin grew so eccentric as to be dubiously sane, and the Duchess ran away from him to Italy. The last twenty-three years of her life were passed in England. Her erratic adventures were varied and extensive. She died in 1799.

The most entertaining part of this memoir however is the earlier, especially the letters of the Mancini young ladies to their distinguished uncle. The letters and verse of the youngest, Meriame, are delightfully spiteful. The love story of young Louis XIV and Marie Mancini is both romantic and pathetic.

Drama

The Theatre of George Jean Nathan. By *Isaac Goldberg*. Simon & Schuster. $3.

Each in His Own Way. By *Luigi Pirandello*. Dutton. $2.

The Witch. By *John Masefield*. Brentanos. $1.75.

Ned McCobb's Daughter. By *Sidney Howard*. Scribners. $1.

Education

Characters and Epithets. By *Nicholas Moseley*. Yale University Press. $2 net.

Educational Opportunities for Young Workers. By *Owen D. Davis*. Macmillan. $3.

Religious Education on Public School Time. By *Floyd S. Gove*. Harvard University Press. $1.

Short Stories of Famous Men. By *James J. Reynolds* and *Mary A. Horn*. New York: Noble & Noble. $1.

The Black Arrow. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

The Toils and Travels of Odysseus. Translated by *C. A. Pease*. Edited by *Stella Stewart Center*. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

Daniel Boone. By *Stewart Edward White*. Edited by *Helen E. Hawkins*. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

Shakespeare's The Taming of the Shrew. Edited by *Essie Chamberlain*. Allyn & Bacon. 60 cents.

Mother Goose. Illustrated by *Mabel Chadburn*. Dutton.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. Illustrated by *Charles Folkard*. Dutton.

Hawthorne's Wonder Book. Illustrated by *H. Granville Fell*. Dutton.

Chimney Corner Fairy Tales. Compiled by *Veronica S. Hutchinson*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

The Normal Child in Mind and Morals. By *B. Sachs*, M.D. Hoeber. $1.50 net.

The Meaning of Adult Education. By *Eduard C. Lindeman*. New Republic, Inc.

An Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric. By *Helen J. Robins* and *Agnes F. Perkins*. Macmillan.

Integrity in Education. By *George Norlin*. Macmillan. $2.

Fiction

THUNDERHAWK: A TALE OF THE WABASH FLATWOODS. By David Wulf Anderson. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Early in this turbulent yarn of Indiana three-quarters of a century ago, the astute reader (for whom the book is not intended) should foresee that the ancient dodge of the exchanged babies has been perpetrated, resulting in the base born villain filling the blue-blooded hero's shoes, and the rightful heir growing up a humble fisherman, oblivious of his high birth, believing himself a vagrant "woods colt," to be held in apparent reserve for the final showdown. But heredity will tell, for Gilbert Redstark, incapable of supplanting his mongrel instincts with the qualities attaching to the traditions of the noble name he falsely bears, reverts to the ways of his criminal ancestors. Shock Tarvin, on the other hand, despite poverty, ignorance, and lowly associates, arrives at manhood a natural paragon of strength and rectitude. The conflict of the two enemies, a girl having set them at each other's throats, is extremely violent, short-lived, and swiftly told, the entire course of the story being unfolded in the imagined space of five days. Such remarkable economy, combined with the headlong speed at which the action travels, should soften one's judgment of the less agreeable features of the book.

BLACK JACK DAVY. By John M. Oskison. Appleton. 1926. $2.

Though at times its materials verge on blood-and-thunder puerility, this story of Indian Territory during the early nineties' inrush of homesteaders, cattlemen, farmers, and desperadoes contains numerous spirited pictures of the last, rapidly vanishing life of old frontier days. The plot exploits the conventional feud between an unscrupulous land grabber and the various persecuted families of "nesters" who have settled upon the acres he covets. "Black Jack Davy" Dawes, a rugged youth of nineteen, love-child of an erring gentlewoman, who on his birth consigns him to the care of simple rustic folk, is the hero. The portrayal of the boy's character, emotions, and mental processes is executed with a skill and naturalness which raise his share in the story far above what one expects of mere "Westerns," but elsewhere the standard of the book is decidedly lower.

TRAILS OF THE TROUBADOURS. By Raimon de Loi. Century. 1926. $3.

Mr. de Loi, his publishers, and Giovanni Petrina, his illustrator, have conspired together to make a book of somewhat bewildering beauty, which attacks the reader's senses from so many angles that the general effect is as pleasantly disquieting as a song by Bertrand de Born, Bernard de Ventadour, or any other of those mediæval wanderers whose names are as musical as the word that designates their calling. "A society which is engaged in affairs as grim as the affairs of the Middle Ages devotes its playtime to intense relaxation. The fever in the blood of these men effervesced in difficult, charming, and complicated poetry." The two latter of that triad of adjectives could be applied not inaptly to this book, which is a blend of historical reconstruction, a series of tales of high romance, and, not quite incongruously, for the transitions from mediæval to modern times are skilfully managed. A book of travel done from the humorously modern point of view. *Place aux dames* was never more appropriate a motto than here, so that no troubadour would ever object to the space given to Eleanor of Aquitaine, a most rewarding lady.

MONSIEUR. By George Challis. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

"Monsieur" is an elaborately constructed bogie man, compounded of wind, arrogance, selfishness, and conceit, a sort of imperishable survivor, who still crops up frequently in contemporary novels, from the days of the old-fashioned swashbuckling romance. His settings and period are here designated as modern, but they bear strong likenesses to those of two centuries past, this anachronistic atmosphere being imparted also to characters and incidents. "Monsieur" holds petty regal court in his ancestral Canadian castle, cruelly oppressing his two wives, each of whom in turn makes him a widower, his growing sons, his abject retainers, and all others who come within his blighting reach. Retribution at last overtakes the tyrant, while he is contemplating matrimony for a third time, leaving his sole remaining son free to lead a blameless and undisturbed life. The story, for the kind of out-moded fiction which it represents, is an uncommonly substantial and well written production.

PAGE MR. TUTT. By Arthur Train. Scribners. 1926. $2.

If there is a lawyer on one's Christmas list, and he is the sort of lawyer who plays at being a tired business man in his lighter moments, by all means give him "Page Mr. Tutt." He probably knows Mr. Tutt already and will chuckle both reminiscently and in anticipation at the very title of the book. Indeed anyone with or without special legal training who likes short stories where the plot's the thing and no trashy sentiment interferes with the precision of the action will enjoy following this shrewd, humane old lawyer as he proceeds—in the interest of the unfortunate and with a twinkle in his eye—to outwit shysters, tricksters, and even the law itself.

A BRITTLE HEAVEN. By Babette Deutsch. Greenberg. 1926. $2.50.

A girl's spiritual progress from childhood through adolescence to maturity is the theme of the first novel to come from Babette Deutsch, poet and reviewer. "A Brittle Heaven" has merits, but hardly a full claim to excellence. In the first place, it is a narrative whose details are inevitably forgotten as soon as the book has been read; secondly, it goes by fits and starts, in a manner more like the eccentric progress of actual events than the continuous ascent toward a climax that we should find in literary art. Furthermore, cumulative through the book there is a faint suspicion of decadence, a faint aroma of an environment where wit and theory about life take the place of living. And finally, "A Brittle Heaven" is careless of the comparative unimportance of its material, for, long before the end is reached, the novel's atmosphere has become cramped and stuffy.

But there are undeniable good qualities: several scenes of a few pages each are notable for their realism, especially a scorching episode of childbirth; the progress of Bianca through her wonderings and loves and griefs is given with discernment and compassion. Much of the typical modern girl is here, and many contemporary problems of woman are discussed. When the curtain has come down, however, and the lights are on, we realize that Bianca was in no way remarkable and that her story was told with no greater literary virtues than sincerity and a strangely fierce passion for the truth of a life.

THE OTHER DOOR. By a Gentleman with a Duster. Doran. 1926. $2.

The most recent offering of the Gentleman with a Duster is unexpected to the point of being shocking. Not only has he abandoned the field of gossipy portraiture of the preëminent—and that at a moment when that field appears to be more fertile than ever before—but he has committed the grave social error of introducing God into a work of fiction. It might be said that he dusts off God, for the characterization in this rambling novel is little more than an exposition of a number of points of view toward the Deity.

It is, obviously a novel full of discussions and ideas and opinions after the manner of H. G. Wells, but the discussions are never very heated affairs, the ideas seldom striking, and the opinions are set forth with a lamentable lack of gusto, if not of actual conviction. And if Mr. Wells is so busy telling us the ideas of his characters that he never quite gives them life, at least his plots are never offensive. To say that the Gentleman with a Duster is arbitrary in his manipulation of the plot hardly describes the commonplaces and hackneyed nature of his fictional devices. He expounds one set of ideas about religion, and then scampers ahead strewing rather feeble "human interest" material about until he has placed his characters in such a position that they are ready to hold forth upon another aspect of the question.

Henrietta Nugent, "loveliest of women,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

sweetest of spirits, the radiant center of how many lives," forced in the prime of life to undergo the torture of a lingering death from cancer, is suddenly overwhelmed by the wickedness of her past existence.

"There are two kinds of wickedness," she discovers. "There's defiance, and there's insolence. People who don't think about God, insult Him. . . . My life has been one long act of insolence." Having impressed this doctrine upon her exceptionally brilliant but irreligious son, she dies, and we are treated to the sight of a young man, for whom everyone predicts the Premiership, "working out his own religious problem."

A certain timely and vital interest is aroused by the author in his considerations upon the various relations between religion and intelligence, but it is scarcely sufficient to offset the hackneyed manner in which he throws the story together.

BLINDNESS. By HENRY GREEN. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Baldly, this is the content of Mr. Green's first novel: An English schoolboy of seventeen, on the verge of living, is totally blinded in a railway accident. Afterwards, in his home, where his stepmother, and his old nurse care for him, he attempts to find relief in the friendship of a girl, the strange daughter of an unfrocked clergyman. Unsatisfied, he is taken to London, where after more illness he finds a sort of mental peace, and begins life again.

It is easy to see that Mr. Green gave little thought to popularity in choosing this peculiarly difficult and painful subject. The entire book, save the admirable opening section, is made up of variation and restatements of a single theme. Blindness, viewed from the standpoint of the blind, and in its effect on others, the pain of it, the gradual sublimation,—it is a horrible series of pictures, but Mr. Green has shown extraordinary restraint and sureness in painting it. The temptation to be sentimental must have been very great; there are moments when the author seems almost to go to the other extreme, becoming coldly clinical. But in the main he has reported the case with a devoted skill. And it is not alone in his central personage, the blind John Haye, that he is successful. The portrait of Joan, living amidst sardine tins and empty gin bottles with her monstrosity of a father, might easily have become burlesque. Under Mr. Green's expert direction it turns out brilliantly. Equally, the stepmother, a horsey, unsentimental, and yet devoted English type is at times more compelling than her charge.

This young Englishman has produced an unusual and compelling book. His treatment of a psychological subject is often frankly reminiscent of the Russians. The parting of John and Joan, for instance, is filled with an embarrassed futility that stems straight from Chekhov. But in his characters and atmosphere he is completely Anglo-Saxon, and in any case thoroughly worth noticing. "Blindness" is free from most of the mannerisms of its school. It contains a quantity of keenly observed impressions, expressed in a clear and flexible prose.

ETHAN FROME. By *Edith Wharton*. Scribners. $1.

THE PATRICIAN. By *John Galsworthy*. Scribners. $1.

YOUNG TOM HALL. By *Robert Smith Surtees*. Scribners. $6.

ULICK AND SORACHA. By *George Moore*. Boni & Liveright. (Subscription Edition.)

THE BLIND SHIP. By *Jean Barreyre*. Dial. $2.50.

THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF 1925-26, AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE FRENCH SHORT STORY. Edited by *Richard Eaton*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. By *Upton Sinclair*. New Edition. Pasadena, Calif.: Sinclair.

BLINDED KINGS. By *J. Kessel and Hélène Iswolsky*. Doubleday, Page. $2.

THE BOY OF BETHLEHEM. By *Bio de Casseres*. Christopher Press. $2.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN. Conrad in Quest of His Youth. By *Leonard Merrick*. Dutton. 2 vols. $2.50 each.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By *Oliver Goldsmith*. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. Dutton. $2.

CRANFORD. By *Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell*. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. Dutton. $2.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By *Charles Dickens*. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. Dutton.

THE CALL OF THE WILD. By *Jack London*. Macmillan.

FANTOMAS CAPTURED. By *Marcel Allain*. McKay. $2 net.

Foreign

I PICCOLA "FABRE" DI PORTAMAGGIORE. By *Giuseppe Lombardo-Radice*. Rome: Mezzogiovno.

LES PUPILLES DE MISS GIDDILY. By *Nalim*. Paris: Gautier & Languereau.

LE TRESOR MERVEILLEUX. By *André Buyère*. Paris: Gautier & Langeuereau.

LES MALICIEUX REVENANTS. By *M. Goudareau*. Paris: Gautier & Languerreau.

LE REGNE DE NANE. By *André Lichtenberger*. Gautier et Languereau.

BECASSINE: Son Oncle et Leurs Amis. Paris: Gautier & Languereau.

History

PRIMITIVE CULTURE IN GREECE. By H. G. ROSE. Doran. 1925.

Mr. Rose is known to the students of ancient religion and Roman antiquities by his recent excellent edition of one of the most interesting treatises of Plutarch, his "Roman Questions." This edition is an excellent testimony to the learning and to the originality of view of the author. The book under review comes certainly from the same source. It is as so many English books are a delightful combination of learning and literature, written in an excellent style and with great literary skill though dealing with a very special problem. The problem is: how many primitive elements there are in the religion and life of the ancient Greeks, how much of it all were survivals in the civilized life of the ancient Greeks, how much still living institutions in the backward parts of Greece which never shared in the civilization of the large and advanced cities.

After a short survey of the meaning of "primitive" and a discussion of some general historical and ethnographical problems concerning Greece in the first three chapters the author hunts up the "primitive" in the religion and cult, in the social life, in magic and mythology, in the state, the clan and the family, in jurisprudence, and in arts, crafts, trade. All told the book is a healthy reaction against the tendency to find everywhere in Greek life "primitive" traits on ground of superficial analogies. One of the many instances is e.g. the playing with "totemism" as one of the most important parts of the early Greek religion. The author clears the ground in strictly defining what is really and strictly meant by such terms as "totemism," etc., and points out the very little realized fact that the Greeks came to Greece not as barbarians but as bearers of a respectable civilization and that they superimposed themselves in Greece on a still living though gradually expiring highly developed civilization to which we usually give the name of the Minoan or Ægean civilization.

They were no "primitives" themselves and came to a country which was not primitive at all. With such restrictions the more interesting are the primitive elements in Greek life which are real and not imaginary.

The reader will find an intense pleasure in following the author on his hunt and in comparing the "primitive" in Greek life with so many "primitive" traits, much more than is generally supposed in our own. We cannot give examples and quotations. The book must be read in full. In many points of course, we disagree with the author, e.g. in the unfortunate sharp distinction between the great Nordics and the wretched Southerners. Being ourselves Nordic we protest violently against the worship of the Nordics. They have done their share in the history of human civilization. Whether it is the largest share because it is our own or not we really do not know. However this is not the place to discuss such controversal points. All told the book is pleasant and instructive reading.

ANDREW JACKSON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH, OR THE MISSISSIPPI TERRITORY IN THE WAR OF 1812. By MRS. DUNBAR ROWLAND. Macmillan. 1926. $3.50.

This book is a republication, in revised form, of a work which originally appeared in 1921 in the Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. The scope of the book is wider than the title indicates. In addition to a detailed account, not actually reached until well into the second half of the volume, of Jackson's military operations in Florida and at New Orleans, Mrs. Rowland goes at length into the history of the war with the Creeks in 1813-14 under the direction first of General Claiborne and later of Jackson, and also finds place for a chapter on Jackson's residence and marriage in Mississippi Territory.

Although detailed references to authorities are few, Mrs. Rowland has apparently made discriminating use of the papers of General F. C. Claiborne, Governor W. C. C. Claiborne, Governor David Holmes, Judge Henry Toulmin, and Jackson in the Mississippi Historical Society, and of the Territorial archives, with the result that the book is in some respects quite as much a history of the Territory during the war period as it is of the campaigns against the Indians, the Spanish, and the British. For the decisive victory which Jackson won at New Orleans the Government at Washington was entitled to small praise. It was the strong national spirit, as Mrs. Rowland points out, in what was then the remote Southwest that kept the war going with a vigor which contrasted strikingly with the general inefficiency of the American military efforts elsewhere, and in that display of spirit Louisiana as well as Mississippi joined. The chief figure of the story, of course, is Jackson, and to the record of his military career the book makes a valuable and at the same time laudatory contribution. It is to be regretted that the volume has no maps.

NEW YORK. By *Sarah M. Lockwood*. Illustrated by *Ilonka Karasz*. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.

THE TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK. By *Olin D. Wheeler*. Putnams. 2 vols. $10.

ROMAN SOCIETY IN GAUL IN THE MEROVINGIAN AGE. By *Sir Samuel Dill*. Macmillan.

DOCUMENTARY SOURCE BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by *William MacDonald*. Third Edition. Macmillan.

POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 1776-1926. By *W. Jett Lauck*. Funk & Wagnalls.

THE TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK. By *Olin D. Wheeler*. Putnams. 2 vols.

THE AMERICAN FLAG AND STRIPES AND STARS. By *William Elliot Griffis*. Ithaca, N. Y.: Andrus & Church.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *Nesta B. Webster*. Dutton. $5.

Juvenile

HORSES NOW AND LONG AGO. By LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $3.

The present generation of children, generally speaking, misses something which we of an older generation enjoyed but accepted without undue appreciation of our privilege. We refer to the intimate association with horses and stables which was possible before the days of the automobile. Which of us older children would be willing to forego our memories of sweet smelling stables at the evening hour when the horses were being "bedded down" for the night in clean rye straw, when the sweet timothy hay would be thrown down from the loft, and the hungry horses crunched their evening oats? Still, the love of horses is inborn among us and Lucy Sprague Mitchell has conceived a clever idea in attempting to interest the youthful mind in history through its instinctive affection for horses.

There is always the question as to whether the youthful mind is going to be decoyed by any such bait. This is the question which always presents itself when juvenile books are written with such a commendable end in view. But it is certain that many adults could enjoy this book. Miss Mitchell's method is to create horse heroes for her stories which are placed in different countries and at several periods of world history. Thus, in one story she describes a war horse and a plow horse of the reign of King Edward the Third of England, and incidentally draws a fascinating picture of the manorial life of the period. In this manner she sketches pioneer life in our own great West and other phases of American history. Now and then she breaks into rhyme of her own composition, sometimes she quotes other poets. There are many pictures taken from all sources, including original sketches and maps by the author. All in all the book contains a tremendous amount of information, all of which is carefully "documented" (we hope the youthful readers do not notice this word) as to sources.

CALIFORNIA FAIRY TALES. By MONICA SHANNON. Illustrated by C. E. MILLARD. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.50.

The essence of California is distilled in these charming fairy stories that bubble with wit and with a child's own delight in make-believe. They convey no cut-and-dried "nature teaching," nor do they revamp Indian folk lore; but they are as spontaneously creative of a California fairy land of desert, foothills, forest, and sea, as were "Rootabags Stories" in establishing the fairyland of the liver-and-onions villages of the Middle West. Here are the Spanish elves who came over with Cabrillo, holding court with their queen, Conchita Maria Delphina Dolores, in her under-sea palace with its shimmering gardens, or making high festival on the great ranchos of the Spanish cattle barons of older days. Leprechauns dwell among the mighty sequoias in the high sierras. Gypsy fairies with furry hats of sage-leaves range the chaparral of the warm foothills, roasting manzanita-tree apples. Magicians brew mirages in dry kettles, and desert dwarfs bargain under Joshua trees for suits made of mesquite bean pods. Gnomes, elves, and goblins of lima bean fields, of green vineyards, and apricot orchards, mingle with the princesses of cañon castles smouldering in the fierce desert sun. Rain-making, and the casting of dry spells are, of course, enchantments of first importance, and the prince who owned the magic raincloud, the only privately owned raincloud in the world, is the most highly favored of all the fairy folk. Eucalyptus and tall redwoods, twisted cedars, manzanita, and live-oak, wild lilac, the tall white candle of the Yucca, and the many-colored tissue-paper flowers of the immortelles, make a background of California itself for these sprite-like fancies, touched with gleams of poetic beauty.

PANTOMIMES FOR THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE. By M. JAGENDORF. Brentanos. 1926. $3.50.

As children often take bits of twine to thread gay beads and bangles, snippets of bye-gone grandeur, brass bells that jingle, and painted buttons, so M. Jagendorf has strung upon a twisted strand of plot and melody this motley collection of whimsical little dances in costumes of here and of there, of now and of then. Suggestions aplenty are offered for playing and dancing as formally or as informally as the producer may see fit,—let us hope not too well drilled, however, for there are ample spaces in these pantomimes for spontaneity.

"Gilone and Gilette" has a very real plot of mediæval flavor and enchantment: one might be very picturesque therein, if one desired. "Dick Whittington" has abundant incident intertwined with the jolliest dances of lamp-lighters, chimney-sweeps, sailors, etc. "The Gnomes' Workshop" is held together by a lively hamper-scamper mood, and "Pierrot and Columbine on Little West Jones Street" combines a bit of present-day New York with a bright display of folk costumes and folk dancing.

These pantomimes of M. Jagendorf should be a delight to the harrowed dancing school teacher questing after "something different" as the annual exhibit, also to many amiable persons inveigled into assembling kindergarten or settlement-house entertainments. The sketches for costumes and decorative screens are simple and might be very useful; and the music for pantomime and dancing has been most happily arranged. It seems somewhat unnecessary to have printed the identical "Foreword for the Producer" four times in the same volume: a little too much, perhaps, of even a good thing.

At any rate there will be scores and scores of happy, hippity youngsters twirling striped or spangled skirts, or tripping in long-toed, brownie slippers through the pleasant rhythms and happy-go-lucky plots of M. Jagendorf's "Pantomimes."

A MAGICIAN OF SCIENCE: The Boys' Life of Steinmetz. By JOHN WINTHROP HAMMOND. Illustrated. Century. 1926. $1.75.

The life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz furnishes rich material of ample interest to hold the attention of any active boy. His early difficulties in Europe and America, his rapid rise, more or less miraculous electrical achievements, and his rather outré side-line vocations and hobbies are points on which to hang a story more fascinating than many romances.

The book is packed with interesting facts about the life of the kindly little hump-backed wizard of Schenectady, and for this reason deserves a place in the library of all mechanically inclined adolescents.

YELENKA THE WISE AND OTHER FOLK TALES IN DRAMATIC FORM. By ANNE CHARLOTTE DARLINGTON. Women's Press. 1926. $1.50.

LAD AND OTHER STORY PLAYS. By BERTHA PALMER LANE with Illustrations by ROSAMOND LANE. The Woman's Press. 1926. $1.50.

The distinction of our age and that of Elizabeth lies not in the fact that everybody wants to act plays,—that is a desire common to all ages,—but that so many people are willing to be audience, permitting the drama to flourish as a green bay tree. Our times are more generous than those of Eliza-

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AT BOOKSTORES

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beth in that the women and even the children are given an equal hearing with the men. Here are two volumes of plays written mainly for women and children by women and published by women.

"Yelenka the Wise and Other Folk Tales" "is intended," says the author, "primarily to give the foreign born an opportunity to express for us in this country something of the life and color of their own countries." They "are equally well suited to American groups—for camp, club and school use." Excellently suited! We would go further and say that they are so well done as to make entertaining reading for anyone who likes quaint old stories in dialogue. They have been kept very simple, but the prose is excellent, the action lively, and the peculiar charm of each nationality well guarded. Old folk-songs and dances have been woven in with such skill that one cannot detect the patches.

The first four tales are from the Russian; —"Yelenka the Wise" and "At the Fair" being love stories, "In the Terem," the beginnings of feminist revolt in a Russian Palace, the "Czar and the Princess," the woman's struggle against the ideals of war. "The Stars" is a Serbian version of "Young Lochinvar," while the Roumanian sketch, "The Strong Tower," and the Polish one, called "Polonaise," are stories of patriotism. Italy is represented in "La Ronda," a picturesque myth of Christian hope versus pagan despair, and a comedy of gossip called "Tessa's Tongue." The Greek play entitled "The Torch of Hellas," with which the volume ends, seems to us the least successful of the series.

It is a pleasure in this day of cheap and careless book making to handle a book which is so well bound and printed with both good materials and good taste. The other volume is equally attractive with the addition of some dainty silhouette illustrations.

This second volume called "Lad and Other Plays," by Bertha P. Lane, is more uneven. The plays "were written for the children of Boxford and planned primarily for acting in the woods there. . . . They aim to meet the interest and capacity of young children,"—two very difficult undertakings at best. The pantomime and pageant part of the plays would seem to fulfil well the need for motion and color which one feels out of doors. The introduction of elves and fairies as prologue, the releasing of gas balloons and other fanciful touches, are well thought out, and perhaps children would be satisfied with the plot, but to grown-ups the dialogue is disappointing. One can forgive the moralizing as suited to a youthful audience, but the style lacks the point and distinction found in Miss Darlington's translations. The two more ambitious plays in the volume, which the author has written in blank verse so that the children may more easily learn the long speeches, are much better and redeem the volume from the commonplace.

ON SHINING WINGS. By *Helen von Kolnitz Hyer*. Marshall Jones.

FABLES OF ÆSOP. Illustrated by *S. Maitland Howard*. Dodd, Mead. $1.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Illustrated by H. Willebeek Le Mair. Philadelphia: McKay.

THE JESTER'S PURSE. By *Nydia E. Minchin*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.

JERRY JUDDIKINS. By *Sarah Addington*. Philadelphia: McKay. $1.35 net.

FORM-ROOM PLAYS. Compiled by *Evelyn Smith*. (Kings Treasuries of Literature.) Dutton. 60 cents.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

TOMORROW MORNING. By ANNE PARRISH. (Harpers).

MY EARLY LIFE. By WILLIAM H. (Doran).

COLLECTED POEMS. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT. (Macmillan).

THE Ypsilanti Players, Ypsilanti, Mich., offer their efforts and facilities to playwrights whose plays do not subscribe to Broadway standards and who would like to "subject them to the rigors of production and work out their salvation in the living form." Anyone wishing to use such a play-laboratory may address the director, Mr. D. de V. Ditwiler, 6 Quirk Building, Ypsilanti. *A club in Marblehead, Mass., asks for a mediaeval play suitable for Christmas production*: I have suggested "A Christmas Miracle Play" from the Coventry Cycle in Eliot's Little Theatre Classics, vol. 1, and "The Wakefield Second Shepherd's Play," in the volume with "Everyman" (Dutton), and pass on the names to other program committees.

L. M. C., Lawton, Okla., remembers reading in 1921 *what he thought was a first edition of "Jurgen," a borrowed copy bound in the dark brown of the present uniform edition. "But," says he, "a friend of mine tells me he read one of the first edition and it had a nondescript cover with a reproduction of an illustration. Do you recognize either of these?" He asks also whether the English edition with Papé's illustrations appeared simultaneously with the first American edition, and if it can now be obtained, and at about what price. Also, "what chapters were omitted in the current McBride edition to meet the censor's requirements?"*

THE first edition of "Jurgen" is bound in a somewhat lighter brown cloth than that used in the uniform edition of Cabell's works, the front cover stamped in gold script with the title. The second printing was in all respects uniform with the first save for the paper jacket. This is probably the cause of the memory of a "nondescript cover;" the first edition jacket looks like that, the second printing being enclosed in the same type jacket as have been all subsequent editions. The English edition appeared about a year after the publication of the American one; limited to 3,000 copies, it is now out of print, and quoted in rare book catalogues at thirty and forty dollars. Finally and most important, no chapters and no paragraphs have been omitted from the current McBride edition; the text of "Jurgen" has never been changed except to correct typographical errors which appeared in the first three printings. The eighth printing of the book has some additional matter—an insertion in the foreword of the episode, "The Judging of Jurgen." This matter appeared in the body of the text of the first English edition. The notion keeps recurring that the book was made over to suit the censorship; this authorized statement should settle it.

E. C., Long Island, N. Y., and R. W., Evanston, Ill., ask what book I lately advised for its suggestions on book-reviewing, and if it would be a practical investment for a beginner.

"THE Free-Lance Writers' Handbook" (Writer Publishing Co., Cambridge, Mass.), is the book I recommended: it would be a practical investment not only for a novice at book-reviewing, but for anyone intending to make a living as a free-lance. It is a one-volume library, in which forty experts deal with as many departments; of the three articles on book-reviewing the leading one, by Dr. Canby, manages to be both comprehensive and sufficiently detailed: I never found so much of importance said on the subject in so small a space. Since my brief notice of this book appeared I have found another with which a young reviewer should provide himself, "American Criticism: 1926," edited by William A. Drake (Harcourt, Brace). This is to be an annual publication on the plan of the "best short stories" and the corresponding selections of "best" sermons, "best" plays, poems, essays, and so on. I hope there will be a general rallying to the support of this book: a collection like this appearing regularly might "raise a standard to which the wise and just may repair." Dr. Canby leads off in this authology and Anne Douglas Sedgwich, Zona Gale, Sinclair Lewis, appear among the regulars like Mencken, Seldes, Logan Pearsall Smith and the late Stuart Sherman. The range of subject is so wide that there is something for anyone who reads, and anything in it is worth reading.

E. C. McL., Guelph, Ontario, asks for material in book form that will help a group of college students to determine whether Mussolini is "a ruthless autocrat or a savior of his nation, the greatest of international troublemakers or a benefactor to humanity?" They have already various magazine articles; they would like books giving necessary background.

THE official biography is by Margherita G. Sarfatti, "Life of Benito Mussolini," translated by Frederic Whyte (Stokes). This has a preface by Mussolini himself, thus giving it all the authority of a portrait that pleases the family of the subject. It is vigorous and entertaining, and in the spirit in which every young Italian that I know speaks of him. My respect for the opinions in general of William Bolitho makes me put next on the list his "Italy Under Mussolini" (Macmillan), though it would not have much chance of a preface from the Duce. At an earlier stage of developments I read to good effect Pietro Gargolini's "The Fascist Movement in Italian Life" (Little, Brown), which treats Fascism as an instrument of destiny; it is out of print but no doubt in many libraries. Richard Washburn Child was our representative at the Genoa and Lausanne conferences; his "A Diplomat Looks at Europe" (Duffield), has a close-up picture of Fascism. "Italy of the Italians," by Helen Zimmern (Scribners), helps to make a background; it is a survey of modern social conditions up to 1906, with a sweep over history and archæology. The Sarfatti biography is another background-maker.

B. D., Fairfield, Conn., asks for a list of books dealing with piracy in the seventeenth century. He has "Buccaneers of America," but knows there must be many more books dealing with this epoch.

WHEN I look at the list that rolls out of my note-book in response to this call, I realize how many American citizens leading blameless and beneficent existences must be subconsciously straining at the leash. Else whence comes the public for a gory collection like this? "Pirates of the New England Coast," by G. F. Dow (Marine Research Society). This is a seven-fifty book, full of rare maps and prints: it goes from 1630 to 1739 and gives fifteen famous trials. "Privateering and Piracy in the Colonial Period," by John Franklin Jameson (Macmillan), a valuable source for documentation of this time in our history. The "Buccaneers of America," by Alexandre Exquemeling (Dutton), this reader already knows; others should know that it is a verbatim reprint, in modernized spelling, of a Dutch classic of 1678. "Seamen All," by E. Keble Chatterton (Little, Brown), begins with the Barbary pirates: this is out of print though not for long, and his "Romance of the Sea Rovers" (Lippincott), is in print. "Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts," by Frank Stockton (Macmillan), though a book for boys, is worth putting into this collection: the history is accurate however picturesquely presented. Howard Pyle's "A Book of Pirates" (Harper), could not be left out, nor, for pictorial reasons, the brilliant set of twelve sea-rovers presented by Claude Lovat Fraser in "Pirates" (McBride). There is the "History of American Privateers," by Edgar Stanton Maclay (Appleton), and the "Story of the Barbary Corsairs," by Stanley Lane-Poole (Putnam). In the "Rogues Library" with which the Dial Press is brightening the corner where they are, Don G. Seitz has "Under the Black Flag," and R. W. Chambers, in "The Man They Hanged" (Appleton), sets out to prove through fiction founded on fact that Captain Kidd was more to be pitied than censured.

ALICE M. CLARK, Chevy Chase, Md., sends to the correspondent looking for books to supplement a Latin course in a Junior High School, the following list, which is so good that I know it will be welcomed by many such collectors:

Lovell's "Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum" (Macmillan).

Whitehead's "Standard Bearer" (American Book Co.).

Felix Dahn's "A Captive of the Roman Eagles" (McClurg, out of print, but old copies are procurable).

Davis's "A Victor of Salamis," and "A Friend of Caesar" (both Macmillan).

E. L. White's "The Unwilling Vestal," "The Song of the Sirens," and "Andivius Hedulio" (all Dutton).

Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii."

Conan Doyle's "The Last Galley."

Mitchison's "The Conquered" (Harcourt, Brace).

Allinson's "Children of the Way" (Harcourt, Brace).

Parts of T. R. Holmes's "Caesar's Conquest of Gaul" (Macmillan).

Parts of Warde-Fowler's "Life of Caesar," and of Sihle's "Annals of Caesar."

Hebermann's "The Business Life of Ancient Rome" (American Book Co.).

Davis's "Readings from Roman History."

On the Air

THE following digest of the ten magazine articles selected as outstanding contributions to the December periodicals by a council of librarians was broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review* by Station WOR:

OUR PREDICAMENT UNDER THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT. WALTER LIPPMANN in *Harper's Magazine*.

Millions of Americans agree in their dislike of prohibition. But they fail to agree upon any solution of the problem. It seems almost insoluble. Mr. Lippmann thinks it can be and will be solved—and shows how.

LOVE, ARMS, SONG, AND DEATH HENRY MORTON ROBINSON in *Century*.

A sympathetic glimpse of the life of Alan Seeger, the poet who created the unforgettable line. "I have a rendezvous with Death." This sketch shows he was unusual in more ways than one.

THIS BOOK-COLLECTING GAME. A. EDWARD NEWTON in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The author, at his best in this article, is just the sort of entertainment for a holiday issue. If you love books you will love this article. If you never read a book you can't help being fascinated anyhow.

THE MAN BEHIND THE *TIMES*. BENJAMIN STOLBERG in *Atlantic Monthly*.

A portrait study of Adolf Ochs, the man behind the New York *Times*. Here is the psychology of a great newspaper and of the man who is primarily responsible for its greatness.

"WHERE CAN I FIND THE RULES FOR SUCCESS?" EDWARD W. BOK in *Scribners*.

An eminently successful author, editor, and publisher answers a young man's questions about "the rules for success." Mr. Bok recommends one book which he believes answers completely all questions of success.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLYMPIAN. ROLLO WALTER BROWN in *Harper's Magazine*.

A study of the late President Eliot of Harvard. Here is no lengthy narrative of the events of the career, but a picture of the man himself—wise, austere, lonely, yet very human.

RINGSIDE SEATS. KATHERINE FULLERTON GEROULD in *Harper's Magazine*.

What would a brilliant and cultivated gentlewomen, a college professor's wife, think of a prize-fight? Mrs. Gerould saw Tunney beat Dempsey. She was not horrified, she was thrilled and impressed—and she tells why.

THE SCIENTIFIC CITY OF THE FUTURE. An interview with THOMAS A. EDISON in *The Forum*.

The author, just returning from Moscow after completing a survey of economic and social conditions there, has some astonishing things to say about Russia's need for American capital and enterprise.

PHANTOMS OF THE SNOW. HERBERT RAVENEL SASS in *Good Housekeeping*.

When snow whitens the earth, how do our four legged and our winged forest friends live? In a unique article outstanding for its fluency of expression as well as its informative value, the author tells you.

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Points of View

The War Guilt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The War Guilt is still an acutely moot question. And that is as it should be. No good can come of sewing up a wound without a previous cleansing. It is highly desirable, indeed, that the question continue to be held in a fluid state, and not allowed to assume a rigid form. All alike, victors and vanquished, would only gain by a frank confrontation of the factors that led up to the catastrophe. Upon a just determination of the responsibility ultimately hangs the future peaceful cooperation of Europe.

By launching his spirited diatribe last year in *Current History* against the complacent Versailles version, Professor H. E. Barnes precipitated the second, more sober, stage in the consideration of the War Guilt. Professor Barnes performed then a most useful public service—useful, if not quite as brave as it would seem, any more than the outspoken stand now taken by some on Prohibition. Brave it would have been if the searching representation had been issued at the time when the hypocritical fog thickly enveloped the deliberations at Paris, resulting in the dictated all-ruinous Treaty.

But even the usefulness of Professor Barnes's position is marred by its lack of discrimination. Professor Barnes goes astray in two respects. First, in overstressing the *other* side, to the point even of making it appear as the *one only* side. He bends far over the crooked timber, and then leaves it in that state instead of readjusting it to a level position—a method hardly befitting the equable temper expected in a historian. And, secondly, in failing to distinguish between what in philosophy is known as Efficient Cause and Final Cause.

It is generally conceded, except by the die-hards, that all the nations of Europe were more or less war-minded. None but participated in the rivalry of armament. None but had a hand in the formation of alliances and counter-alliances. In sum, whether for purposes of defence or aggression, all prepared for the eventual armed outbreak.

Now, all this comes under the head of Final Cause.

As regards the Efficient Cause, a different picture presents itself. Germany, being the most confident in its power to wage war successfully, was the most reckless of them all. Germany had the least reason of any for wanting war; but Germany was also the least fearful of its advent. Let those who strive to exonerate Germany call to mind that it was not Germany's utter peacefulness which averted war when Russia rumbled against the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina; nor during the period of tension with France which developed out of the Moroccan affair.

Arrogating, then, for a moment the rôle of hypothetical "future historian," I am moved to assess the degree of War Guilt in the following order:

Under the aspect of Efficient Cause—
1—Germany
2—Russia
3—France
4—England

Under the aspect of Final Cause—
1—France
2—Russia
3—England
4—Germany

Advisedly I left the Monarchy unclassified. And this because a major clash between it and Servia was, from either angle, a regional inevitability. No one not intimately acquainted with the long succession of harrassing incidents culminating in the outrage of Spring, 1914, can with any degree of fairness and competence judge of the uncontrollable explosive nature of the situation. Other Powers, in those trying days, might have acted with better foresight and greater tact, but no self-respecting people would have remained scripturally passive at the brutal provocation, or even been less violently reactive. It was a life and death matter for the Monarchy. And it had to be death. Poor Austria! Poor little Hungary!

To epitomize the whole situation:

With the one side it was a case of doing it first; with the other it was a case of meaning it all the time.

Let us be fair! It is the only beneficial way in the end.

GABRIEL WELLS.

New York.

Solution

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have read in your columns the inquiry of "X.Y.Z." concerning the prize of five thousand dollars which is offered by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research for the best adverse criticism of "Profits," a book by Foster and Catchings, published by the Foundation. Your correspondent says that it would be a satisfaction to any competitor to have definite assurance that his essay has been received; yet there seems to be no obvious way of getting this assurance, without communicating his real name and address.

May I suggest two ways: (1) Let "X.Y.Z." send the essay by registered mail, under any name and address he pleases to use for the purpose. He will thus obtain a receipt. That is what most of the contestants actually do. (2) Let him write, or have a friend write, to the Pollak Foundation, Newton 58, Massachusetts, as follows: "Please let me know whether an essay by 'X.Y.Z.' has been received." He will thus obtain the desired information without revealing his identity.

MARIAN P. CARTLAND,
Secretary, Pollak Foundation.

Newton, Massachusetts.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of November 20th you were good enough to publish a reference to the books which the John Day Co., Inc., is to issue for the American Institute of Graphic Arts. There were certain errors, however, in this paragraph, which was obviously based not upon a written statement from the publishers, but upon oral information. The correct name of the organization is not the "Graphic Arts Society" but the "American Institute of Graphic Arts," and the names of the three books which will be issued in January are:

50 Books of 1925
50 Prints of 1925
Printing for Commerce.

Your announcement included in the title of two of the books the word "best," and the Institute has always been particular not to use the word "best" in connection with any of the exhibitions in which these volumes have their origin.

RICHARD J. WALSH.

New York.

Fact or Fiction?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Having been reading with considerable attention Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," I am, as a South Carolinian, interested to know how much of the wanderings of the "Cotton Blossom" are fiction, and how much are fact.

If they are fiction, all right, but if fact, can you tell me how such a boat could navigate from the Mississippi to the Pimlico (I suppose the Pamlico is meant), and the Sassafras (I don't know where the Sassafras is)? Did it go round Florida and up by Hatteras through Pamlico Sound, or did it cross the divide of the Alleghenies, and if so, how?

It is geography, as well as history, which is concerning me at present.

CAROLINIAN.

"Little Lucia"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
DEAR SIR:

I have recently read in your magazine a review of Mabel L. Robinson's latest juvenile book, "Little Lucia's School;" and, being interested in stories for children, as well as engaged in the writing of them I am constrained to rise in defence of Little Lucia who has long been a favorite of mine, and also among certain of my friends not so grown up as I! For after all the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it,—by those for whom it has been especially prepared,—and when children carry a book to bed at night, or insist on having it read aloud *ad infinitum;* when even teachers have tested its popularity in school,—(and that is indeed an acid test!)—what better retort than *that* is there, to so brief and contemptuous a gesture as your reviewer thinks it can be dismissed with?

And Little Lucia having had three books about herself, her puppy, and her Island Camp, has another one about the school, which, after having read it, I cannot believe stands any less chance of being popular than its predecessors. And right here, may I rise to say that there are quite a few people in this world who are relieved to find some literature for children as far removed from the Frances Hodgson Burnett type as the review accuses Miss Robinson's book of being.

Besides all this, and speaking generally, it seems to me that a review written with a no-good-can-come-out-of-Nazareth air about it, such as this one appears to have, is likely to defeat its own purpose, and—which is unfortunate—to lower the value of book reviews to some extent in the eyes of discerning readers. Had I never heard of Little Lucia nor any child that loved her, I should still cast a very skeptical eye on any such sweeping condemnation as the one to which I refer. Of course I realize that a review must always reflect the personal opinion of its writer, but it seems to me that there is a nice difference between expressing an opinion and appearing opinionated.

ANNIE D. KYLE.

Brooklyn.

Tu Quoque

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

As another subscriber to *The Saturday Review* since its inception I choose to oppose Mr. A. Edward Newton's viewpoint upon what he calls your "headlines," and "smart titles."

Dietetically considered, A Balanced Ration should not cause anyone to vomit, were his stomach normal. Titles such as this are praiseworthy examples of a break with the tradition of fustiness and pedantry in literary criticism. The headline writer has had a valid and valuable influence upon letters. He is the apostle of terseness. It is his mission to imprison in half a dozen words or fewer a brief description of what is to follow and a bid for continued interest. His is the literary art at its most difficult phase; he deals with irreducible essentials. It is inevitable that his percentage of failures will be high. The wonder lies in the fact that so many headlines fulfil their purpose so completely.

Mr. Mencken and his *confrères* have taught us the value of pungent colloquialisms in literature, if they are granted the dignity of grammatically correct construction. A colloquialism almost always is a device for saying more with a few words than can be expressed in any other way. Its most valid field, if anywhere, is in the headline.

My perplexity at Mr. Newton's stand is heightened by an advertisement of the Anderson Galleries, offering at auction:

A BATCH OF BOOKS
OF A BUSTED
BIBLIOPHILE
ALIAS
A. EDWARD
NEWTON

This advertisement, which appeared in today's papers, certainly must have borne Mr. Newton's sanction.

A. K. LAING.

Pelham Manor.

"Jesting Pilate"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Apropos of the review of Huxley's "Jesting Pilate," which appeared in your issue of November 27, it is pleasing to a reader who has always stood in awe of Aldous Huxley's erudition, to discover that even he may err on occasion. At "Worldpeace, a burg in Batavia," we are told, Mr. Huxley was surprised to find "the (Western) world and peace thus so amicably juxtaposed." It is too bad, but I suspect the original of "Worldpeace" to be none other than "Weltevreden," which has nothing at all to do with "world" and mighty little with "peace." The name of the town means "well satisfied" or "contented."

N. P. VLACHOS.

Swarthmore, Pa.

Erratum

By a regrettable error in setting up the paragraph containing Professor William Lyon Phelps's enumeration of the novels he hoped to read in the near future in his article entitled "The Novel Crop of 1926," published in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* of December 4, Zona Gale's "A Preface to a Life" was ascribed to Willa Cather. The line containing the former author's name, and the title of Miss Cather's book, "My Mortal Enemy," was dropped out.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN ENGLAND. By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926.

From the charming old house at Hanover, N. H., in which Daniel Webster once lived, Mrs. Carrick continues to send forth books and articles dealing with that increasingly popular American sport, collecting antiques. Her latest book, "Collector's Luck in England," like others before it from her pen, is pleasantly intimate, and chatty in style, but occasionally lapsing into strained and uncritical enthusiasm over mere trifles which one is disposed to call "junk." She does not demand much intellectual effort from her readers, neither does she contribute greatly to their stock of precise and dependable knowledge. Rather she gossips about her hobby in sprightly fashion, sprinkling odd bits of antiquarian lore, and occasional literary allusions in a manner that is pleasing enough—in limited quantity.

As in all Mrs. Carrick's writings on the subject, one feels in these letters recounting her luck collecting antiques in England that her enthusiasm is often far in excess of her discrimination. Naturally, in collecting antiques the old "de gustibus" adage applies. There is no law, no canon of the cult, prohibiting unlimited indulgence in the *papier mâché* card cases, writing cases, and other gimcracks of the mid-Victorian period, whose makers consistently exemplified the debased taste of the time by the silly ornamentation in which they so lavishly indulged. Some people like wretched Currier and Ives lithographs on their walls, and find pleasure in lampshades made of fashion plates from "Godey's Lady's Book."

We shall not challenge Mrs. Carrick's enthusiasms. It is enough that we avail ourselves of our right to be mildly amused by them. Her book is not for the working shelf of the serious collector, but a thoroughly pleasing companion for the idle hour. Indeed, as an account of travel in England it is more significant than as a contribution to our understanding of of antiques. The illustrations are excellent.

AIRMEN AND AIRCRAFT. By HENRY H. ARNOLD. Ronald. 1926. $3.50.

Major Arnold, of the Air Service of the U. S. Army, is one of the pioneers in the development of aeronautics. The writer of this review had the good fortune to fly with him as a passenger in a bomb dropping contest as far back as 1910, at Mineola. We rode in a Burgess-Wright, our feet over the edge of the lower plane, and tossed plaster bombs at a grass target.

This is mentioned for the simple reason that surviving pilots, of the vintage of 1910, are almost to be counted on the fingers of one hand. Arnold, a West Pointer, was early in the air, and has a remarkable fund of experience to draw upon in his summing up of the astounding progress made in the art up to the present time.

His book begins with an account of the flight, as recorded in mythology, and carries on the story in interesting sequence to the famous airplane and airship flights of today. It is amply illustrated showing the development of air craft. Major Arnold draws valuable conclusions with regard to the dependability of air craft and the future of commercial flying, and he also treats of the military aspects of the air. His volume is a most complete and authentic treatise suitable for popular reading and is highly recommended.

AMERICAN GLASS. By *Mary Harrod Northend*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE BRIDGE. By *Frank Brangwyn* and *Christian Barman*. Dodd, Mead. $10.

THE GEOGRAPHIC BACKGROUND OF CHICAGO. By *J. Paul Goode*. University of Chicago Press. 75 cents.

STOCK MARKET QUOTATIONS. By *Sophronia Tibbs*. Edited by Leonard Hatch. Day. $1.50 net.

RATCATCHER-IN-SCARLET. By *Cecil Alden*. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

GENIUS. By *Arthur C. Jacobson*. Greenberg. $2.50.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED TYPOTHETÆ OF AMERICA. By *Leona Margaret Powell*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

SEX HYGIENE. By *Dr. Julia Kinberg-von Sneidern* and *Dr. Alma Sundquist*. Holt. $1.75.

ELIZABETHAN PROVERB LORE IN LYLY'S "EUPHUES," AND IN "PETITE PALACE." By *Morris Palmer Tilley*. Macmillan.

COLONIAL FURNITURE IN AMERICA. By *Luke Vincent Lockwood*. Scribners. 2 vols.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

DR. PUTNAM'S SUGGESTION

DR. HERBERT PUTNAM, librarian of the Library of Congress, in his annual report appeals for an amplification of the work of the library "which can only come from endowments" which will lift the institution from a library into an institution of learning.

He points out that the government has provided the building which has cost about $8,000,000, and additional accommodations at a cost of another $1,000,000, and it makes an annual appropriation of over $1,000,000 to be applied to upkeep, administration, and increase of collections, exclusive of the expenditures (for copyright and the printing and handling of cards sold) offset by receipts covered into the treasury—these two activities being self-supporting. These expenditures represent about the standard and the limit of what the government itself can do.

The beginning of a new departure has already been made. The Library of Congress Trust Fund Board, a quasicorporation competent to take and administer endowments, was established last year. An additional endowment of $10,000 was received from Richard Rogers Bowker, the income of which is to be used for the bibliographic service of the library. A portion of the assets comprising the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation (for music) has been transferred from a trust company to the Trust Fund Board.

A very recent gift, that of the late Joseph Pennell, the well known artist, is sure to do great service as an inspiring example for others. With the exception of a single bequest of $10,000, and subject to a life interest vested in Mrs. Pennell, he bequeathed his entire estate for the benefit of the library, in promotion of the collections and service of the division of prints, and for certain activities beyond any heretofore contemplated for that division or for the government, including a bureau of chalcography.

Mrs. Pennell has turned over to the library the bulk of the collections left by Mr. Pennell, and proposes an immediate application of such of the income as she can spare to the acquisition of material. The prospect which Mrs. Pennell's action opens intensifies the need of the endowment in the library of a "chair of the fine arts." It is estimated that $75,000 would serve the purpose, since the income from that amount, added to the governmental stipend, would bring the monetary compensation up to that of a professorship—the standard for such a position.

This seems a propitious time for Dr. Putnam's recommendations, and they will undoubtedly be widely endorsed. In time, we believe, they will bring the right response

AT AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

LIBRARY sets of standard authors, mainly in limited editions and fine bindings, extra-illustrated books, colored plate books, and publications of private and special presses, including the libraries of Arthur McAleenan, and the late Edwin Baldwin, both of this city, were sold at the American Art Galleries on December 1 and 2. The highest price, $1,100, was paid for the first and second series of the American Statesmen, in 40 volumes, 8vo, levant morocco, Boston, 1898-1916, large paper edition with an autograph letter inserted in each volume.

Other representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

Ainsworth (W. H.). "Historical Romances," 20 vols., 8vo, levant morocco, Philadelphia, 1899. Author's Memorial edition. $275.

Alken. Apperley's "The Life of a Sportsman," with colored plates by Henry Alken, royal 8vo, levant morocco, by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1842. First issue of the first edition. $300.

Arabian Nights. Sir Richard F. Burton's "Arabian Nights Entertainment," 16 vols., royal 8vo, original cloth, Benares, 1885-1888. Original Benares edition with the "Supplemental Nights." $230.

Combe (William). "The English Dance of Death," and the "Dance of Life," with colored plates by Rowlandson, 3 vols., royal 8vo, levant morocco, London, 1815-16-17. First editions. $200.

Daniell (William). Richard Ayton's "A Voyage Round Great Britain," etc., with fine colored aquatints by William Daniell, 8 vols., folio, morocco, London, 1814-1825. $475.

Lincoln (Abraham). Charge and specification against David E. Harold, George A. Atzerodt, Lewis Payne, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, Mary E. Surratt, and Samuel A. Mudd. 4 pp. folio, enclosed in case. Judge Advocate Joseph Holt's personal copy and the first to appear at public sale. $380.

Lytton (Edward, Lord). "Complete Works," 32 vols., 8vo, levant morocco, by Adams Bindery, New York, n.d. Autograph edition limited to ten copies. $425.

Scott (Sir Walter). "Waverley Novels," 74 vols., 12mo, polished calf, by Zaehnsdorff, Edinburgh, 1814-1832. Complete set of first editions with the half titles. $825.

Trollope (Anthony). Original manuscript, entitled "North America." 275,000 words, written in ink on 587 leaves, 4vo, bound in 2 vols., straight-grained morocco, by Reviere, written during the author's visit to the United States in 1862. $1,025.

Autograph letters and documents, literary and historical, including portions of the collections of Alexander W. Hannah, of Pasadena, Calif., and Joseph Husband, of Nantucket, Mass., were sold on December 2 and 3, many good prices being realized. A few lots with prices were the following:

Baskerville (John). A. L. S. 3 pp., 4to, to Robert Dodsley. Fine letter on printing. $170.

Farraguet (David G.). D. S. 2pp. folio, Flag Ship Hartford, July 29, 1864. General Order No. 11 in which he gives minute instructions for every contingency which might arise in passing Forts Morgan and Gaines in his attack on Mobile. $255.

Garrick (David). A. L. S. 1 p. Jan. 26, no year, to Mr. Dodsley. In regard to the translation of a French play. $200.

Hamilton (Alexander). A. L. S. 2 pp. folio. Headquarters, July 26, 1778. Interesting military letter to a member of the Continental Congress. $210.

Hamilton and Others. A. D. S. signed by Alexander Hamilton, William Grayson, Robert H. Harrison, and Elias Boudinot. 1 p. folio, Newton, April 11, 1778. Commissioners appointed by Washington to negotiate with General Howe for the exchange of prisoners. $330.

Jones (John Paul). 2pp. small 4to, L'Orient, August 24, 1785, to Thomas Jefferson. Mentions Franklin, Genet, and Livingston. $775.

Nelson (Horatio, Lord). Order of Battle signed, 1 p. folio. On Board Victory off Cadiz, October 11, 1805, being the order of battle issued in the famous Battle of Trafalgar. $600.

Washington (George). A. L. S. 1 p. 4to, Philadelphia, November 27, 1793, to Boudinot. $390.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. L. S. 1 p. 4to, Philadelphia, December 11, 1762, to Boudinot. $320.

Signers. A. L. S. 2 pp., folio, signed by Robert Morris, Richard Henry Lee, William Whipple, and Philip Livingston, all Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Philadelphia, May 2, 1777. Letter relating to a remittance for the use of Continental prisoners in New York. $400.

FOUR VOYAGES OF VESPUCCI

THE letter of Amerigo Vespucci, written by himself to a boyhood friend in Florence, containing the details and colorful account of his four voyages of exploration in the New World, has been printed by the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco for the Book Club of California, in a limited edition of 250 copies for sale only to members of the club. This letter, one of the most important source-documents of American history, and the first of American travel books, has been reprinted in a translation rendered literally of the rare first edition, in Italian type, on Van Gelder handmade paper, bound in full vellum, with hand-lettered type. The illustrations are drawn from those of the original Florentine edition. The volume contains an introductory essay by Oscar Lewis, and initial letters and illustrations by Valenti Angelo, and in the appropriateness and harmony of all its parts, is one of distinction.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE have recently been trotting around from gathering to gathering of those who indulge in literature. At a tea of *Sinclair Lewis's*, who is living with the son of *Professor Breasted*, the Egyptologist, and hard at work on his next novel to be called, "Elmer Gantry," we ran into *Lewis Browne* who wrote "This Believing World." This circumstance seemed quite natural, as for some ten years Sinclair Lewis has been interested in religion and the church in America as a theme for a serious novel and doubtless enjoyed discussion with Browne. Mr. Browne opined to us that *Lion Feuchtwanger's* "Power" was a great book, a glorious romance woven around one of the wickedest and most fascinating characters in Jewish history. . . .

Then we have recently seen glimpses of *Bill Bullitt* whose first novel, "It's Not Done," the author of "Arrowsmith" thinks of highly. The book is not only in its tenth American printing, and fourth English printing, but its publishers announce that they have also just disposed of the German rights. . . .

Which reminds us that the title of *Christopher Morley's* "Thunder on the Left" in its Finnish translation (Helsingfors: Holgar Schildts Förlag) is Människobarn," and the Finnish publisher says most agreeably of it:

filmlik snabb handling, fängslande och intensiv, direkt framsprungen ur tidens rastlösa tempo. Djup psykologisk studie samtidigt som en realistisk vardagsskildring, kryddad av den mest utsökta humor.

("Thunder," by the way, has been published in England, Australia, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and Holland, and is now being translated into both German and French.)

The three books to be recommended to the French committee for this year's Femina Vie Heureuse Prize, awarded each year to the outstanding English book of imaginative and literary quality, are "Lolly Willowes" by *Sylvia Townsend Warner*, "Adam's Breed," by Miss *Radclyffe-Hall*, and "The Informer," by *Liam O'Flaherty*. . . .

Lewis Browne, we may say, to whom we referred above, has had his book selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts to be placed in its first annual Illustrated Book Exhibit, for Lewis illustrated his own volume, though he admits that he never received an hour of art instruction in his life. Most of his illustrations for "This Believing World" were made while he was wandering in the Orient. . . .

A correspondent informs us that after a lecture at the 19th Century Club on the one-act play, recently, one of the ladies rushed up to Mr. *Clements*, whose parody "They Do Not" (apropos of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") has just been published by Small, Maynard, and asked the young author what his next book would be like. "Oh," said Mr. Clements, "it will be the kind of a book the tired business man can read standing up." . . .

This issue of *The Saturday Review*, we notice, will come out just at Christmas. You may be reading this on Christmas day. But we, who write it, have as yet done little of our Christmas slopping—we mean shopping. . . .

Nevertheless, here's wishing you lots of good books for Christmas. Here's an odd list, compiled from the old book catalogue of Robson & Adee of Schenectady, N. Y., We cannot answer for any of the items being still available:

Struggles & Triumphs by *P. T. Barnum*. $1.50.

Universal Songster. Illustrated by *Cruikshank*. $4.50.

Dictionary of the Canting Crew, in its several tribes of Gypsies, Beggars, Thieves and Cheats. $2.50.

Life and Character of Lafayette. By *John Quincy Adams*. $2.

Paradisus Amissus. By *J. Miltoni*.

You can also get the first American edition of Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," excessively rare in original cloth, far rarer than the English first edition, from *George A. Van Nosdall* of 446 East 88th Street, this city (if he hasn't sold it). Price: one hundred and fifty iron men. It has the illustrations in color and black and white by *John Leech*, and is enclosed in a full crimson French levant morocco leather case, with inner protecting wrappers of green watered silk. Philadelphia, 1844. Telephone Lenox 5601. . . .

Van Nosdall also has (or had) the splendid early *Beverly Chew* copy of the rare first edition of *Michael Drayton's* "The Bataille of Agincourt," as well as the only perfect copy known of the rarest of *Poe* items, viz: Poe's "English Notes," by *Quarles Quickens*, Esq. The former will set you back two hundred, and the latter a mere bagatelle like five thousand. . . .

Aldous Huxley has settled at the Villa Ino Colli, high in the mountains of Northern Italy, for the winter, and has begun work on a long novel. . . .

Edward A. Wilson, whose two books, "Iron Men and Wooden Ships" and "Full and By," are among the most delightful illustrated tomes of recent seasons, is now engaged in illustrating a two-volume collection of *Joseph Conrad's* shorter tales. In the early Spring, Wilson intends to sail to the Virgin Islands or some other spot equally remote where he can work uninterrupted. . . .

Thinking of Wilson reminds us of rum and the Spanish Main, and thereby of "The Ballad of the Royal Ann," by *Crosbie Garstin*, two lines of which are favorites of *W. E. Woodward's*, the author of "George Washington." The lines are, "They set their rummers down, and shook the wenches from their knees." This is a fine ballad indeed; and the book it adorns is a fine one. Garstin is an uncommonly fine romanticist of our day, as his tapestried novels no less than his poems attest. Well, take two different staves from his poems:

The bells of Cadiz tolled for them
Mournful and glum;
Up in the Citadel, requiems rolled for them
On the black drum;
Priests had many a mass to handle,
Nuestra Señora many a candle,
And many a lass grew old in praying
For a sight of those topsails homewards swaying—
But it's late to wait till a girl be bride of
A Jack who won't be back this side of
Kingdom Come.

and yet again

She's running up for Callao in the blue
Pacific weather,
She's running free for Callao on a clean
and even keel,
With the ripples chuckling round her run
and a dainty little feather
Of foam beneath her figure-head and a ribbon at her heel.
So Tina, snap your castanets,
Tina, Tina,
And Tina, tune your old guitar and sing
your gayest ditty.
For a clipper's bound for Callao,
Callao,
Callao,
With a reefer boy that loves you so,
Tina, my pretty.

But we wish Stokes would bring out a better and large paper edition of "The Ballad of 'the Royal Ann'" because it is bound in a kind of ooze-calf we always detested. It makes our fingers fall asleep. . . .

Speaking of Stokes, "The House of Stokes" is a record just published by that firm, together with letters from authors on the forty-fifth anniversary of the house's establishment. We, the Phœnician, are nearly as old as Stokes. We were first established (in this world, not in this paper) in 1886. . . .

Stokes's record is an enviable one, but why do they let their printers buffalo them into spelling *Jane Austen's* "Love and Freindship" as "Love and Friendship" on page 14 of their charming record? . . .

Our favorite woman detective story-writer, leaving out *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* who writes stories of deeper and subtler mystery, is *Agatha Christie*, who lately published "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd." You have probably been reading in the public prints of her strange disappearance in England and later discovery at a Harrogate health resort. The whole affair is as mysterious as any of her own stories. Her husband claims that she is suffering from loss of memory. Supt. Goddard, of the Berkshire police, is reported as stating that he knew from the beginning that she intended a desperate act. But so far all is guesswork. One fact strikes us, how extremely ignorant the papers seem to be concerning the literary work of anyone who is a writer and becomes a sensation on some other account. Agatha Christie has been writing good detective stories for years, and her last was a masterpiece of this kind of fiction, yet we have not seen "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" referred to. . . .

A week ago last Wednesday *Rebecca West* sailed home for Christmas on the Berengaria, with the parting remark that *H. L. Mencken* was feminine in the old fashioned sense, that "rather than use his brain he exploits his personality." We hear that Rebecca will publish two novels next year and a book of her magazine articles. . . .

On the evening of the fifteenth we attended a dinner at the Brevoort in honor of *Lizette Woodworth Reese*, one of the most distinguished of our older poets. Never have we heard so beautifully phrased an extemporaneous tribute as that paid to Miss Reese by *Anna Hempstead Branch*, herself one of our most inspired woman poets. Miss Branch speaks as beautifully as she writes, a rare gift indeed. All present were glad to do honor to Miss Reese, whose work has always embodied precision, distinction, and magical and subtle fragrance. . . .

Herbert Gorman, author of "A Victorian American—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," was recently awarded the John Reed Memorial Prize of one hundred dollars for his poems "Desultory Epistles." . . .

"Lenz on Bridge" (Simon and Schuster) is a book by the world's greatest bridge player, twelve times holder of the national and international championships in Bridge and Whist. He has been described by *Wilbur C. Whitehead* as "the greatest card player the world has ever seen." *Sidney S. Lenz*, that's his full name. . . .

Well, we are the most harassed columnist the world has ever seen; and our full name is (at last the secret's out!)

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Salad Bowl

TALK sooner or later demands the presence of the world, that huge football which self tosses to self, that gigantic roast at which there is forever cut and come again; and then indeed there is play, there is dining. You are in it and I am in it, and between us we sack the world, piling up its jewels and fabrics with a more rapid barter of exclamations, burning whole palaces with a remark, wrestling for cities, marching together over continents, balancing empires on the turn of a phrase. That is talk. There we sit at ease, merely exchanging words, and yet we parade in magnificence, we run, leap, wrestle, we dwindle into magots crawling under black night, we expand and dilate until our shadows darken the world and we could pluck from their ether red Betelgeux and Aldebaran; and as experience chimes on experience, a thousand little pictures flicker before our eyes, people and cities loom and fade like dreams, we gaze through the windows our fellow talkers unravel for us and live intensely in moments of our own past as we recover them, hurrying through a thousand little dramas; and as we warm to the work, we can recast our destiny between some score pulls at a pipe, condemn whole races to the galleys and bathe others in beauty and light, and in the space of ten remarks we can go into the wilderness, receive our first commands from heaven after the first mouthful of wild honey, and return, roaring doom, to the market-place; and then, as idea chases idea, and the hunt is up with truth mocking from every thicket, the entire cosmos takes shape after shape in our hands, we dizzily build up our own universes and knock down our companions,' or together, at least superbly unanimous, we fling in the last few constellations, banish the Devil, sweep humanity from West Ham to Paradise, and bid the eternal choir sing the Amen.

Talking. By *J. P. Priestley Jarrold*.

Johnson's greatest fault was probably not his fierce pugnacity and occasional brutality, in which there was, after all, a certain comic gusto that is the very salt of talk, but his judicial habit of mind, the conclusiveness of his talk. He settled everything too quickly. Boswell or Mrs. Thrale would cast about and then start a subject as if it were a hare in a thicket; one of the company would run this way to head it off, another would run that way; and then suddenly—bang!—the doctor's gun would go off and there would be the poor little subject lying dead. *Ibid.*

* *

The monetary return is in few cases commensurate with the labor expended. It is, in fact, much more difficult to "make good" in publishing than is commonly supposed. It is perhaps interesting in this connection to compare some amounts recently left by publishers, authors, booksellers, literary agents, and newspaper proprietors.

Publishers—
John Lane—£12,000
Wm. Heinemann—£33,000
J. M. Dent—£14,000

Booksellers—
O. J. Banks (Cheltenham)—£35,000
B. H. Blackwell (Oxford)—£54,000

Authors—
Charles Garvice—£71,000
Rider Haggard—£61,000

Author-Journalist—
Sir Henry Lucy (Toby, M.P.)—£250,000.

Literary Agents—
J. P. Pinker—£40,000
A. P. Watt—£60,000

Weekly Newspaper Proprietor—
Sir William Ingram, Bt. (Illustrated London News, etc.)—£265,000.

The Art of Publishing. By *J. Fisher Unwin*. George Allen & Unwin.

The price of $210 realized at the recent Hudnut sale for the first edition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with an autograph letter inserted, established a new high record for this famous book.

Published December 28th

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